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Vol. CCIII, No. 2654
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Volume CCIII No. 2654

The SPHERE, London, December 23, 1950

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE ROAD BACK IN KOREA—BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A BREN-GUN CARRIER HEAD SOUTH FOR THE 38TH PARALLEL IN ONE OF THE LONG CONVOYS DURING THE DECEMBER RETREAT IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING CHINESE STRENGTH : The men of this unit were fighting with the 29th Commonwealth Brigade, which, together with the 27th Brigade, played a large part in rearguard operations.

In bitter winter weather, American, British, Dutch, Turkish, Thai and South Korean units, forming the army of the United Nations, retreated during the first weeks of December from Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, towards the 38th Parallel. At the same time, on the east coast of North Korea, the U.S. Marines, with British Commandos, were making their heroic retreat to the sea. The retreat in the Eighth Army area in Western Korea was hampered time and time again by the great army of refugees, which has also been moving steadily southward, and stringent measures had to be taken to make the refugees keep off the main roads, so that tanks, guns and vehicles could proceed south in convoy and a new defence line could be established. (Further pictures from Korea will be found on pages 446-47 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Christmas.—For over a quarter of a century it has been my privilege and custom to wish readers of THE SPHERE a happy Christmas. They have been troublous, anxious years in the main and, latterly, austere. Occasionally the wish has seemed to be rather a 100-to-1 chance, but on the whole, in good times and bad, it has reasonably secured fulfilment. We have managed a Christmas lull in our struggles, anxieties and austerities, and it may be we shall do so again in a day or two and force a break in the storm-clouds lowering over our heads. In that hope, I repeat my annual Christmas wish. A few days ago, I should have said that the horizon never looked so black, except during certain years of total war, in the last thirty-five years. But now, on the very eve of Christmas, faint signs of possible breaks, tiny hints that all may not be lost, and that our civilisation is not yet softened up to the ultimate degree of madness which precedes divine destruction, filter through our darkness. Perhaps even the Communists of the Kremlin and Peking, to whom Christmas offers no very topical suggestion, would avert world war if some way could be found to save their faces and chestnuts. However it be, this Christmas must prove a very brief *mi-carême* in a very pinching and strict Lent. Terrors before it and terrors after it, austerity stretching behind it and sharper austerity ahead; doubt and darkness and anxiety on both sides of what we hope may be a little patch of blue. But what do we know about that? Events move nowadays with a rapidity unknown to our fathers. "Of a sudden the worst turns the best to the brave, the black minute's at end, the fiend-voices which rave shall dwindle. . . ." We are children in the dark before dawn on Christmas Day. We cling to our faith in Father Christmas. What shall we find when the light reveals the contents of our stockings?

The Return of Attlee.—Mr. Attlee's return, "bringing his sheaves with him," restored confidence on the Stock Exchange (always first with the news of disaster and hope), and calmed the nation's badly shaken nerve. He deserves our thanks for his very strenuous trip. He wasted not a moment of it. His own sense of success in his mission conclusively suggests that it might have been carried out much earlier. I recall another Premier's return from a vital war-cloud conference, bringing his sheaves with triumph and confidence and causing another Stock Exchange boom. Mr. Chamberlain went to confer with our enemies, Mr. Attlee with our closest and most tried friends. Mr. Chamberlain believed he brought back "peace for a long time." Mr. Attlee hoped that he had staved off war for the time being. Hitler was a trickster; Truman a true man. Mr. Attlee's points of agreement and modest hopes are less likely to prove moonshine than Mr. Chamberlain's. Premiers have learned a lesson from history and no longer pitch their hopes, promises and triumphs recklessly high. The hour in 1950 is as critical as in 1938-9. The imponderables are different but not a whit less unassessable. We know, perhaps, a little more of where we are with the U.S., but not with the U.S.S.R. and China. But a few more days may clarify matters a very little in the Far East, and we stand to-day perhaps a milestone further along the uphill road of translating talk about European defence into *ad hoc* armoured divisions. But perhaps the Stock Exchange, according to its habit, rebounded rather prematurely. We are not yet out of the wood.

Oliver Stanley.—Oliver Stanley's early death is a great loss to Parliament, to the nation and to his many friends and admirers of all sorts and conditions and political shades. It may be that, to meet the ruthlessness of aggression, at home and abroad, tougher and cruder qualities and methods than he ever revealed are required in leading statesmen to-day. But it would be a misfortune for our civilisation if men of his type and quality—a diminishing force—were to be crowded out of Parliament, or themselves in disgust abandoned the responsibility of public service which centuries of tradition and example have encouraged them to regard as a duty. Oliver Stanley had every quality which contributes to the ideals of public life and of Parliament. He was wise and witty. Pomposity and pretension were beyond his comprehension. He possessed every form of grace; in appearance, in the speaking voice, in expression and phraseology, in the culture of his mind. Rarest of all in modern politicians, his mind was not a one-way street. He did not hold that statesmen cannot afford to admit a misjudgment or miscalculation. He could see two sides of a question, and that in modern politics may be regarded as the chink in the armour of supremacy. But for you and me, outsiders, who have seen the fruits of statesmanship over fifty years wither or rot or stink, there is little fear that we shall underrate the value in political life of an hereditarily inspired and trained, impartial, patriotic, highly educated, fair-minded and brilliant man; a man with no personal axe to grind, whose integrity none could dream of questioning, whose charm and grace could preserve the pattern of an ideal from which our public life has fallen far.

Coal and Other Nationalised Industries.—The public is still left to read between the lines in the exchange of correspondence between the Minister and Sir Eric Young over the latter's resignation from the Coal Board. It is not very difficult to do so. Letters written to the responsible Press constantly suggest to the public that the appalling consequences of eliminating the competition factor in vital services and industries are at last being brought home to thinking men of *every* political colour. We are seeing monopoly at its ugliest; shoddy sold as gold without redress, one law for the Government and another for the governed, a general decline in national industrial morality, and over all a sickening blot on our national reputation for sound production and commercial pride and honour. We pay enormous prices for our means of heating, lighting and transportation, and we have no remedy at all against shoddy and inferior goods and services supplied. The percentage of rubbish (chalk, slate and slack) in the more expensive brands of anthracite provides a good example of how this hideous monopoly *works*. We may pay up to £7 a ton for the filth. The public have been conceded the right to change their middlemen. The middlemen have been advised to refuse dirty consignments. In practice the advice is worthless. As has been often pointed out, if the producer of milk supplies inferior stuff, the penalties are very severe. But if the Coal Board sends out black chalk and slate and calls it coal, there is no remedy at all. There is one law for the public, another for the publicly-owned industries, railways and road transport, fuel and power, and so on. And year by year the nation is lowering its centuries-old and vital reputation for commercial honour and sound products.

Films and Authors.—I suppose the average living author is flattered and thankful when the potentates in the film world throw a favourable eye over his best-seller and decide to turn it into a picture. When these wizards have done their work, the author may or may not recognise the story as his own creation and may or may not feel grateful to read his name as author in inconspicuous print after the banner headline type which records the fifty film experts who have "improved" the story to make it intelligible to the highly intelligent cinema audience. I am reminded of Pelissier's patter in the *Follies* introducing his "potted plays." "We not only give you the gist of the plot; we *positively improve it.*" The latest example of such highway-robbery "improvement" is *King Solomon's Mines*. The film-makers came to the conclusion that poor Rider Haggard had no idea of how to tell a story, and no notion of character creation. He had, luckily, stumbled on some fictional names which had stuck in the public memory and had laid his scene in a setting which would do for Technicolor photography. So they improved Haggard until nothing remained of him but the names of Allan Quatermain and Captain Good. The old film of Robert Hichens' *Paradine Case* is an even worse instance of this "improvement." The novel was unpleasant, and even sadistic, but it is difficult to cite one which is more gripping, more inexorable, more perfectly welded, more accurate in detail, more true to life. That novel also was "improved" out of recognition; the plot, the names of the chief characters altered, the American accent introduced into the famous court scene, and all the balance of a horribly clever novel disturbed to allow the chief characters to indulge in the necessary close-up osculations. Sometimes the victims of these "adaptations" are dead; sometimes their copyrights have lapsed. But not always.

NOW IT WILL BE AT THE MERCY OF POWER CUTS—THE FAMOUS CLOCK ON THE CORN EXCHANGE, ROCHESTER, WHICH IS TO BE ELECTRIFIED: The clock has hung over Rochester's narrow old High Street since Sir Cloudesley Shovel gave it to the city in 1706. Charles Dickens referred to the clock in *Great Expectations*. To little Pip, it was "the finest clock in the world" until he saw it years later with grown-up eyes. Members of the Dickens Fellowship in Rochester now protest that the old clock keeps good time as it is. But city officials say the clock's mechanism, which is partly wooden, is worn.

National Taste and Humour.—Since this comic world of ours was launched by Adam, Eve and the Serpent, Old Stagers have been at work deploring the taste and despising the sense of humour of "the rising generation." And, an Old Stager myself, it is clearly proper that I should do the same in holiday time. But I shall do it with restraint and hesitation. I can believe that the grease-paint humours of the gas-lit music-halls of Victorian times might strike the present generation as crude and barbarous. For the age which that humour mirrored and caricatured rightly seems barbarous and crude to-day. Even the late Victorians were not wholly weaned from barbarous recreations such as bull-baiting and dog-fights and cock-fights, and they liked their humour to be strong meat. But the taste of raw flesh was about it. It was not dehydrated. On the contrary it was very human (of the period) if not humour (of our period). Even the Edwardians liked it full-blooded. How they came across, those music-hall stars of the 1900's, with their grease-paint and their personalities standing out! To-day, the vast bulk of the British public derive their taste and get their fun from the cinema and the wireless. And I ask (with honest hesitation; for the *laudator temporis acti* is always a *chump*) whether that taste and that humour were ever lower in our social history. I have referred to the Hollywood versions of our native authors. Hollywood (and not only Hollywood) is in no doubt that our fathers' tastes will not do, undiluted and unmodernised, for us. And there may be truth in it. For I presume that at least one out of twelve million listeners relishes the Irish humour of *The Great Gilhooly* and the slap-stick of B.B.C. Music Hall. And yet I hate to think that our American leaders and benefactors, whose influence in filmland constantly alters our national character, are justified in their estimate of our national taste to-day; or that our own B.B.C. provide us with exactly all that we can relish and digest.

New Canon of St. Paul's.—Dr. G. L. Prestige is to be the new Canon of St. Paul's. He has been described as "adviser to the Primate on foreign relations," a post which I should like to have more precisely described to me. It might mean very little or very much. If the latter, I can see no end to its extent, and no superman could fill the bill adequately. Dr. Prestige was for some years editor of the *Church Times*, and austerity rather than popular journalistic tricks was his policy. "Among Oxford men he is known as a witty after-dinner speaker," wrote Peterborough. It may be so. Wit and after-dinner oration are, like ideal marriages, rare combinations. Dr. Prestige wrote the official biography of Bishop Gore. In the writing of it, perhaps he was handicapped, for it was, I think, for him a qualifying thesis. For my part, I found in it too much dead religious controversy, too little humour, humanity and personal relationships. Its integrity and official accuracy are not to be questioned, its language and style were adequate. But I do not think Dr. Prestige was cut out to write the life of a man whose human relations radiated an influence as warm, as wide and as permanent as his authority and pre-eminence as a churchman. Albert Mansbridge spent many months on collecting data for the biography, and handed his harvest to Mr. Prestige. The criterion of a great biography is based on its ability to keep its subject's memory alive. Some biographies kill a great man stone-dead for a generation.

THE OLD STAGER

THE QUEEN GOES RACING AT SANDOWN

Princess Elizabeth's Visit to Greece
The Harewood Baby—A First Photograph

THE QUEEN CONGRATULATES BRYAN MARSHALL AFTER HIS VICTORY ON HER 'CHASER MANICOU IN THE EWELL 'CHASE AT SANDOWN : Manicou, a five-year-old of promise, gave a faultless display and, after Freddy Fox had run out, won without being challenged. The race was over three miles five furlongs.

THE QUEEN IN THE PADDOCK AT SANDOWN : Her Majesty, as an owner, entered the paddock to see Manicou saddled for the Ewell Handicap Steeplechase, in which the five-year-old started favourite at 5 to 4 on and won convincingly. It is now felt that Manicou will in due time be a worthy successor to the ill-fated Monaveen, although probably it will not be seen fit to run him at Aintree until he has gained experience over park fences, and gained maturity.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PAY A VISIT TO THE ACROPOLIS : The Princess walking with Queen Frederika of the Hellenes and Prince Philip on one of the several sightseeing trips which they made during their six-day visit to Greece. In the course of their stay Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip entertained King Paul and Queen Frederika on board H.M.S. *Surprise*, and during the evening Mr. Venizelos, the Greek Prime Minister, presented the Princess with a necklace of Greek gold coins of the period of Alexander the Great.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF HAREWOOD, GRANDSON OF THE LATE KING GEORGE V AND NEPHEW OF KING GEORGE VI, HOLDS IN HIS ARMS THE FUTURE EIGHTH EARL : Lord Harewood seen with his son and heir, David Henry George Lascelles, who stands thirteenth in succession to the throne. This picture was taken just before Christmas at the Bayswater home of Lord and Lady Harewood when the baby was seven weeks and four days old. The child bears the courtesy title of Viscount Lascelles.

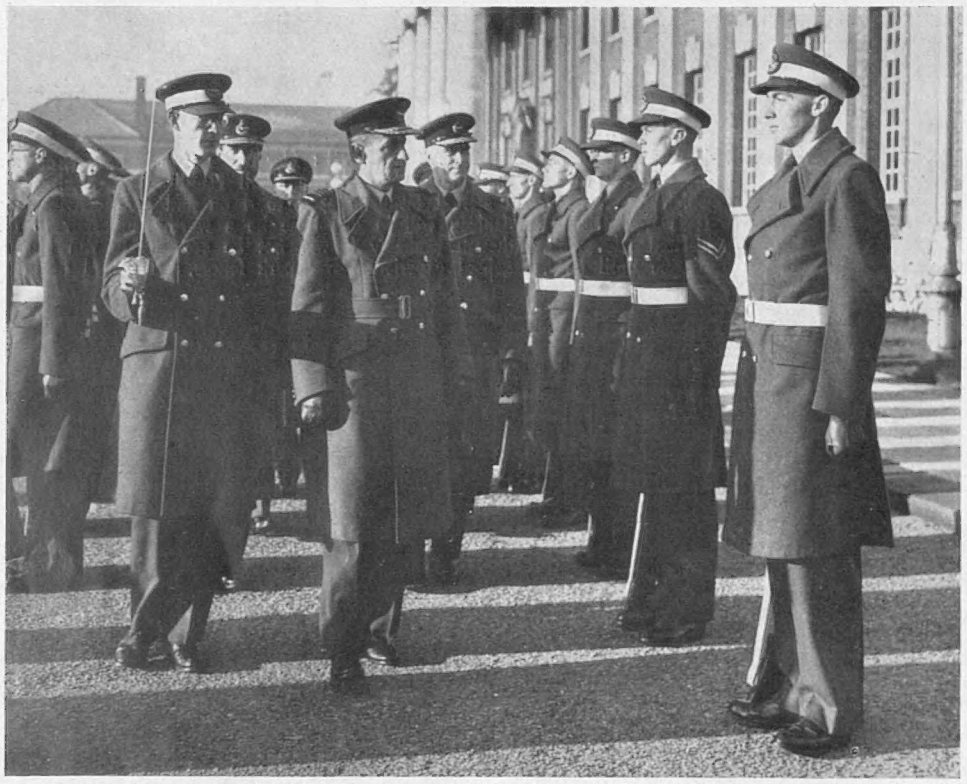
Personalities in the News

THE CHANCELLOR AND MARSHALL AID SUSPENSION

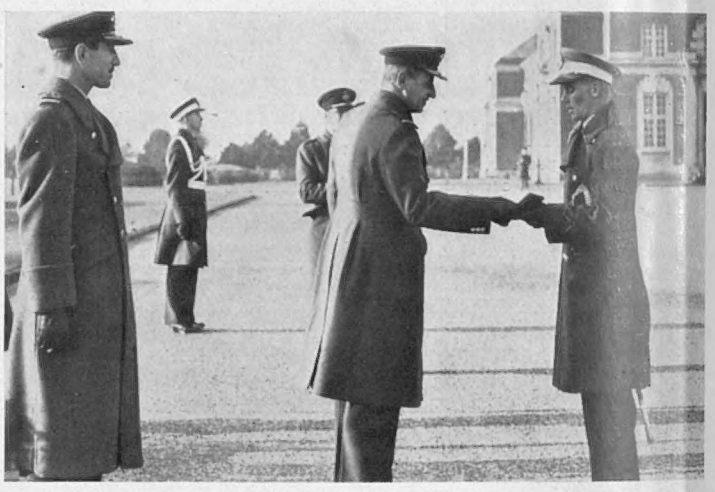
LORD PORTAL AT CRANWELL; BARBIROLLI'S GOLD MEDAL

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER GIVES THANKS FOR ONE OF THE MOST GENEROUS AND MAGNANIMOUS ACTS OF HISTORY: Mr. Gaitskell speaking at the Press conference at Church House, Westminster, after the news became known that Marshall Aid to Britain had been suspended. On the Chancellor's right hand sat Mr. W. L. Batt, Chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration Mission in the United Kingdom, who, after hearing Mr. Gaitskell pay a tribute to the American people for their generosity, himself paid a glowing tribute to the British people "for this latest example of their sturdy character and of their traditional determination to stand on their own feet as firmly and quickly as possible."

MARSHALL AID ENDS IN FULL AGREEMENT BETWEEN GIVER AND RECEIVER: Mr. W. L. Batt, Chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration Mission in the United Kingdom, speaking at the joint Press Conference which he held with Mr. Gaitskell, the Chancellor, at Church House, Westminster. After complimenting Britain on her achievement in the economic field, Mr. Batt spoke of the great change in American opinion in the last fifteen years. It was now thought in the United States, he said, that a healthy Europe meant a healthy America.



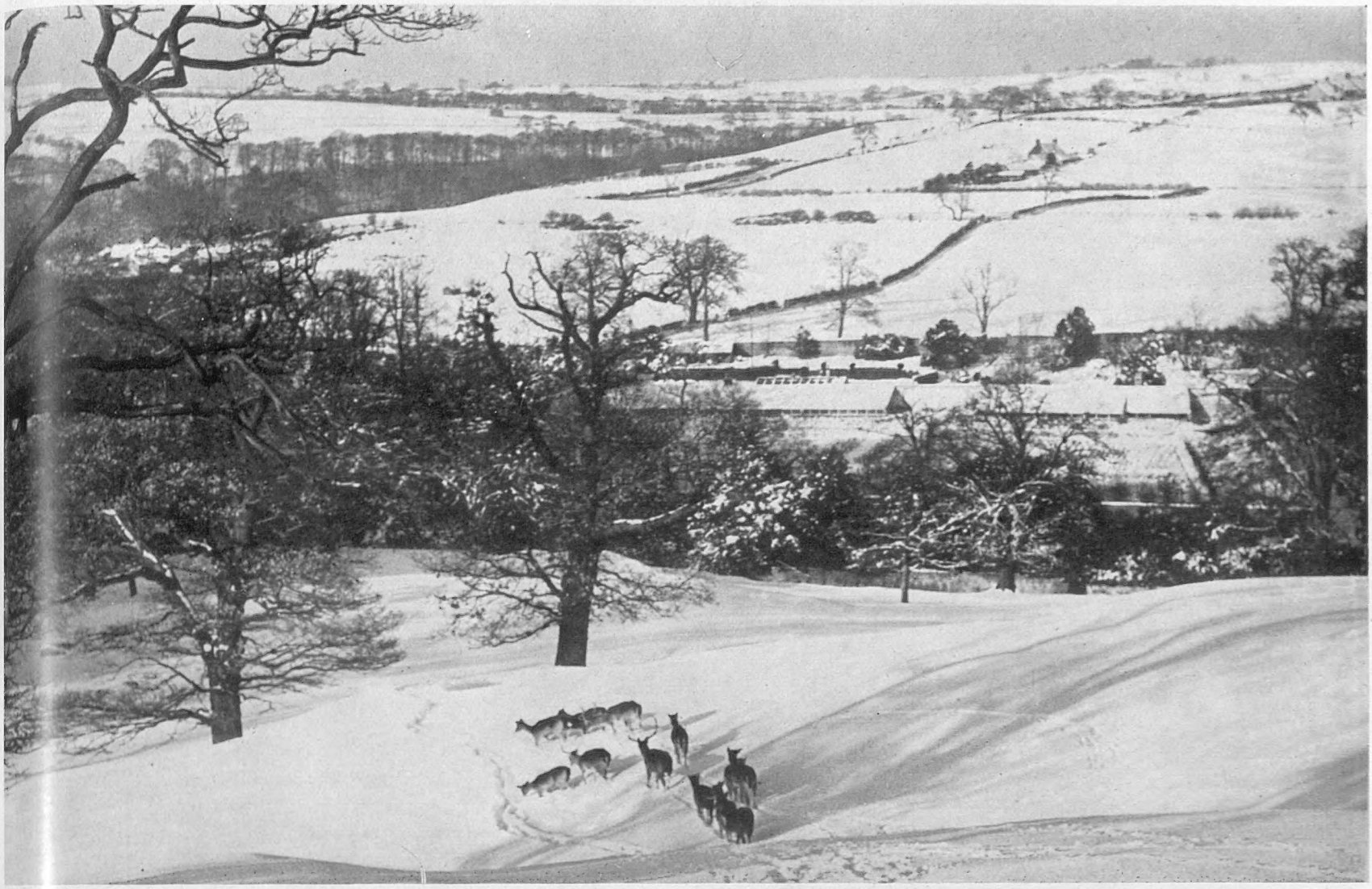
GRADUATION DAY AT CRANWELL: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal inspecting officer cadets of the fifty-first entry at the R.A.F. College. After the inspection Lord Portal took the salute at a march past. Lord Portal also made the presentation of the Sword of Honour.



THE CADET WHO WON FIVE PRIZES: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal of Hungerford presenting the King's Medal at the Cranwell graduation parade to Flight Cadet Under-Officer J. L. Price, a Londoner. Price won five of the nine prizes. The Sword of Honour was presented to Flight Cadet Under-Officer MacMullen.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH THE LADIES IN GREEN: The Princess Royal, Controller-Commandant of the Women's Royal Army Corps, in conversation with Colonel Frances Coulshed (left) and Brigadier Dame Mary Tyrwhitt (centre)—both in the new dark-green walking-out uniform of the Corps—at a reception at the Forum Club, Grosvenor Place, London, for senior officers of the W.R.A.C. Colonel Coulshed succeeds Brigadier Tyrwhitt as Director of the Corps next year. The much admired new uniform, which was worn on this occasion by officers above the rank of major, consists of dark-green jacket and skirt, pale-green shirt, dark-green tie and beige stockings.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI, CONDUCTOR OF THE HALLE ORCHESTRA, RECEIVING THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S GOLD MEDAL FROM THE HANDS OF DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (RIGHT): The presentation was made, in the presence of the Queen, during the interval in the Halle concert at the Albert Hall, and Sir John afterwards went on to conduct Sibelius's Second Symphony. The Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society was first presented in 1870 to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's birth. Barbirolli shares the distinction with such names as Brahms, Elgar, Sibelius, Beecham and Boult. Sir John, aged fifty-one, is a Londoner. At the age of twelve he was a solo 'cellist at the Queen's Hall. As a conductor he is extremely popular with his own players, who appreciate his patience no less than his skill.



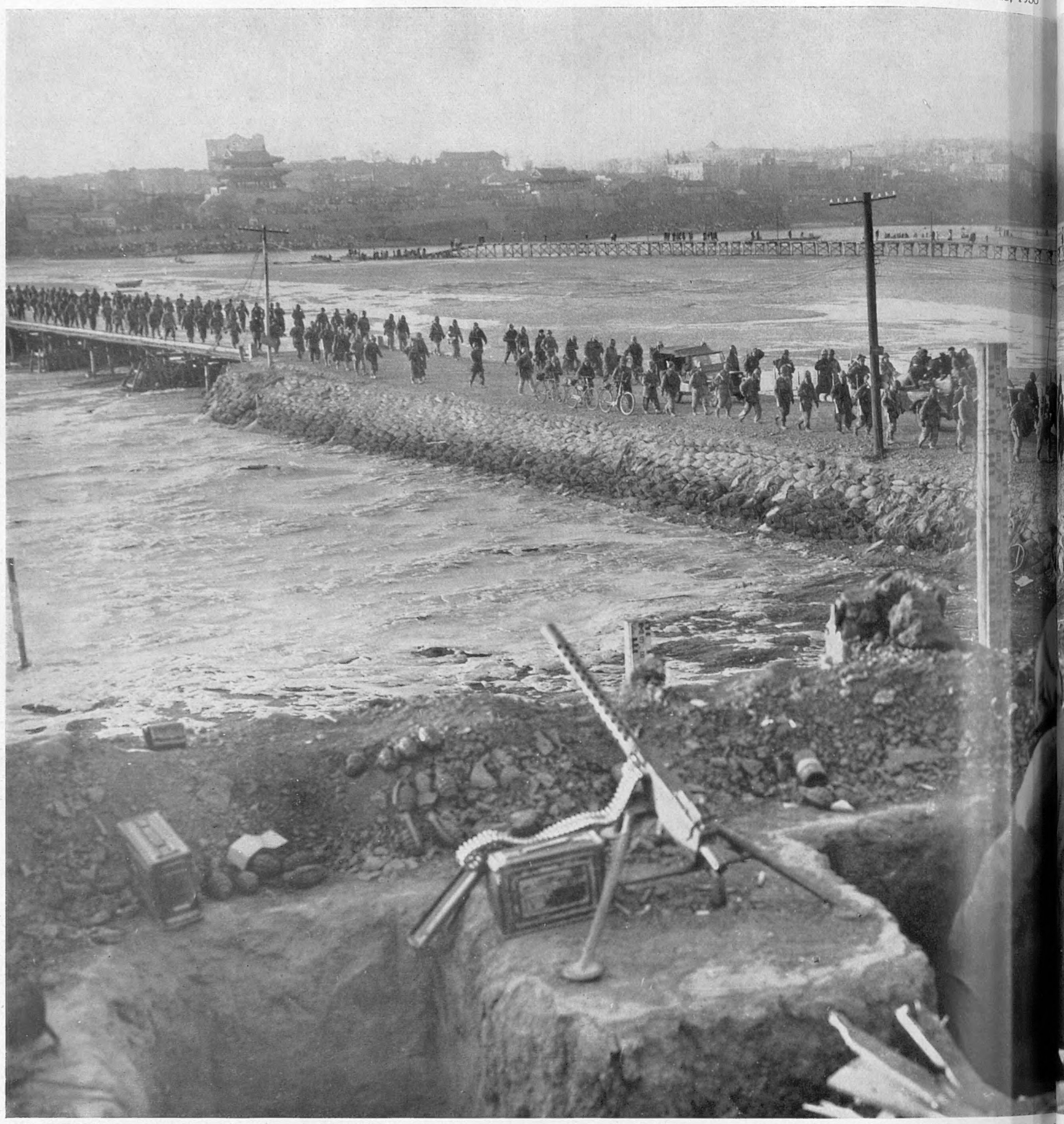
A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN COUNTY DURHAM: A herd of deer in Beamish Park searching for a patch of ground in which to graze after a heavy fall of snow, which blanketed the whole countryside to a depth of 5 ins. The snowfall throughout the North Country in the week before the Christmas holidays was between 5 and 7 ins. The most intense cold was in Scotland, 17 degrees of frost being recorded at Aberdeen on December 14. Traffic was dislocated on many main roads.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER

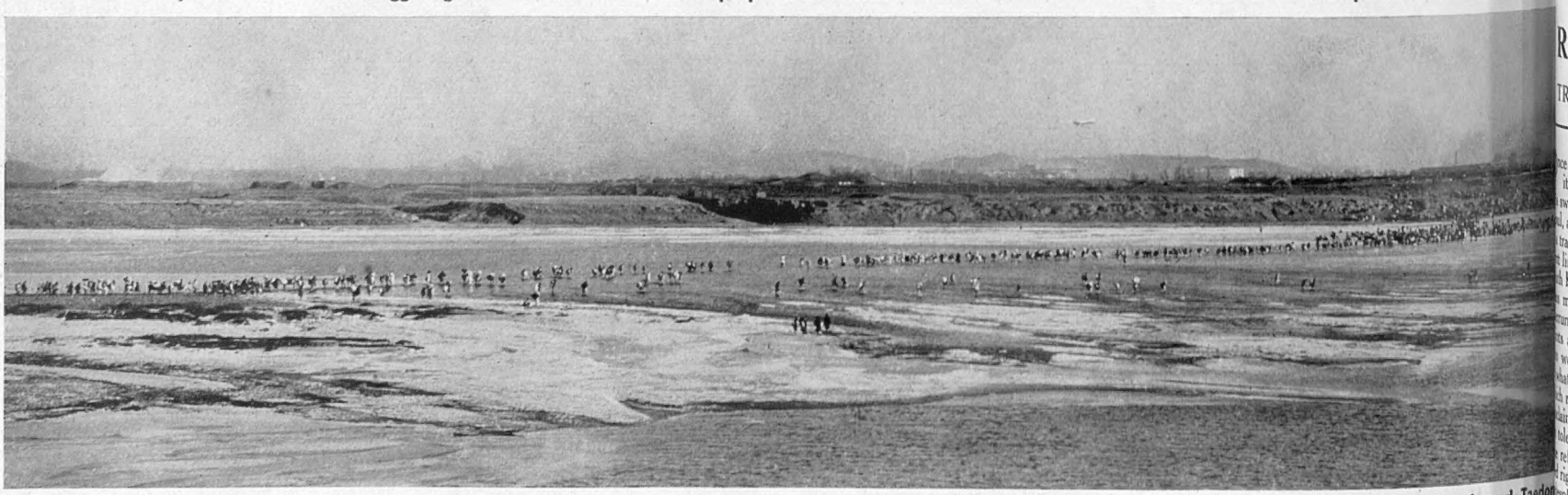
SNOW FALLS ROUND LONDON AND IN THE NORTH

SNOW HOLDS UP TRAFFIC ON THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND SHEFFIELD: *Left*—Vehicles stranded on a hill. By placing soil and sacking under the wheels the lorries were moved, but not before large numbers of other vehicles in their wake had been brought to a standstill. *On right*—A long line of traffic held up at Tintwistle and unable to gain a grip on the glassy surface. Several vehicles had to be temporarily abandoned.

NEGOTIATING THE ICY SURFACE AT PUTNEY VALE: Vehicles having difficulty on a road near London after a sharp frost had followed a fall of snow. *On left*—Cars on Kingston By-pass. Most of them were reduced to a crawl owing to danger of skidding.



THE REARGUARD—AN AMERICAN MACHINE-GUNNER OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES STANDS WATCH ON A NORTH KOREAN RIVER BANK AS REPUBLIC OF KOREA TROOPS TREK SOUTH AFTER THE EVACUATION OF PYONGYANG: United States Engineers and British troops have formed the rearguards, the former blowing up the bridges. General MacArthur, who visited the Korean front lines in the midst of the retreat, returned to Tokyo in a mood of guarded optimism. The position was for the time being relatively secure, he asserted. He praised the skill of the field commanders and the gallantry of the troops moving back before the Chinese offensive, and he asserted that the enemy's losses had been staggering—more than ten to one in proportion to Allied casualties. Meanwhile more Chinese divisions poured in from Manchuria.



THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEES WHOM THE RETREATING FORCES HAVE HAD TO ABANDON TO THEIR REVENGEFUL ENEMIES: Refugees wading through the ice-clogged Taedong River, south of Pyongyang, a line that stretches for miles and consists of tens of thousands of people. Bitter cold takes its toll of the marchers, as with feet cracked and bleeding they stumble on carrying their few belongings with them. In North-East Korea, where the U.N. forces set up a defence perimeter before evacuating Hungnam by sea, the plight of the refugees has been even more desperate. The great crowds coming down from the mountains could not be admitted to the perimeter.

THE REFUGEES WILL TAKE ANY RISKS TO GET SOUTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL : A family and their belongings ensconced between two waggons made the journey south from Pyongyang to Seoul in this fashion. They were lucky to escape injury, but felt themselves luckier still no doubt to have made the journey at all. Most railway travel has been by Government pass, but Koreans have to pay heavily for these passes. The passes are supposed to be available for the families of Korean officials who would be shot if they fell into the hands of Communists.

IN KOREA THE TIDE OF BATTLE ROLLS SOUTHWARD

TROOPS and REFUGEES on the MARCH

ce more the tide of battle rolls southwards in Korea, and with it the tide of refugees. At the time of writing the vanguard swarm of hundreds of thousands of these refugees has reached l, a confused and frightened Seoul, be it said ; and behind them trail of dispossessed people that stretches southward from the line, chaotic, pitiful and suffering the most terrible hardships. h Korean troops and police have been attempting to control this movement from the north ; but the check-points have been run time and time again by the refugees. At most control ts an effort has been made to weed out Communist guerillas, were infiltrating among the refugees. There is little doubt hat is being done with these suspected guerillas as the shots ring out in the night in the Seoul police compound so clearly laim. The United States Army has made it known that it will olerate refugees blocking the main supply roads to the north. refugees therefore have taken to secondary roads, paths, rail- ights-of-way, and across fields and hills. The average Korean eply pessimistic about the future, and, in the first shock of the se successes, many people in Seoul openly expressed the f that the United Nations would be pushed right out of Korea. Seoul itself many citizens made preparations for flight.

LIKE THE ROADS OF NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE DURING THE GERMAN INVASION IN 1940 : Convoys blocking the road as the U.N. forces moved south. An important task for the military police was that of keeping the refugees off these roads, and diverting them to subsidiary routes, otherwise conditions would have been even more chaotic. One method of dealing with refugees is by the establishment of check-points. In numerous cases these have been overrun and the guards have had to let the human tide flow on.

ROBERT EMMET RODES of MOROCCO

A Tale of Post-War Political and Commercial Opportunism

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THAT most neglected of dispute-tackling institutions, the International Court of Justice at The Hague, will convene in the New Year to pronounce in a controversy having its roots in the signatures of President Andrew Jackson and the Emperor of Morocco, in the year Victoria was crowned.

Something new for The Hague. A bit of romance. The romance of trading. It sets me in mind of the Corsairs of the Barbary Coast and how the Americans put a stop to them. Only now the Americans seem rather to be in the role of the—well, we shall see.

Robert Emmet Rodes, American citizen, *versus* the French Foreign Office.

Really it is the State Department *versus* the Quai d'Orsay, but as Robert E. Rodes (pronounced "Rhodes") is not only the true complainant but the source of the whole case, I think his name should go into the Cause List.

French Morocco! Dear, delightful French Morocco! The last time I saw "Casa" was in April 1939, and anyway we liked Agadir best that visit.

"The hotels at Agadir are full of American financiers and experts." That's this year. We stayed at the sunken, patio-d Hotel Excelsior for 30 francs a day pension *vin compris*. How right was Dorothy Thompson when she said, in 1938, "These *are* the good old days!" I doubt if you could do the Excelsior now for 3,000 francs a day. One of the reasons being Robert E. Rodes and his "37 Group."

Robert E. Rodes is a short man with thinning fair hair and a passion for well-cut clothes and dazzling dressing-gowns. But when he came to Morocco in 1943 he wore the uniform and badges of a U.S. lieutenant-colonel. He had time to look around then, and what he saw fairly seized the businessman and salesman in him. Nine million population, 400,000 Europeans, and an almost incredible lack of slick, up-to-date goods and commodities! A country, too, known to have boundless mineral and agricultural possibilities—in fact, spoken of as one of the potentially richest countries in the world. Gee, what a market!

Morocco kept constantly recurring in Colonel Rodes's mind. His duties set him there. He studied the history of Morocco. When demobilisation came he decided to stay there. For he had had more than a dream—a certainty. He had been back to Washington to see a parchment and the parchment held the certainty—of riches. His history-reading had put him on to the parchment, a handsome piece of work, illuminated by Moorish scribes, with the Moroccan Grand Seal weighing 2 lb. attached to it, which had been gathering dust for nigh eleven decades.

This treaty, signed at Meknès in 1837 by plenipotentiaries of the United States and Morocco, was the American way of staking an interest in the latter country at a time when several European States had "discovered" it and were pressing their claims. They pressed for the capitulations and got them. Thereafter these foreigners in Morocco could only be tried by courts composed of their own nationals. They pressed for special trading rights and wangled a lot of those, too.

America secured no less. In fact, so loftily sat the Americans that, when an American citizen, Mr. Perdicaris, was kidnapped early this century by the celebrated Raisuli, Theodore Roosevelt bellowed from the White House: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!" And it did the trick.

Just a few years after this something happened in Morocco. In 1912 the French declared a Protectorate, and progressively in the ensuing years one country after another bowed to the circumstance, forewent their privileges and withdrew their long-standing claims on the Sultanate. Great Britain was the last to do so in 1937. But the United States took no action, and that was what Colonel Rodes had found out sometime in 1945.

He found out that under the Meknès Treaty, still the only bond between Morocco and the United States, American residents in Morocco enjoyed certain privileges placing them outside French currency and trade regulations. Succinctly put, he found there was nothing to stop him importing pretty well what he liked from the United States, paying for it in dollars, and reselling at vast profit in Morocco in return for French francs. No taxes to pay, no Customs dues, nothing; in fact, the French Protectorate and its exchange control regulations controlled from Paris might not exist for all they came in Robert E. Rodes' way.

Traders of other nationalities in Morocco had to obey these limiting ordinances, but not the resident Americans, who remained free as the air, thanks to old Andy Jackson. And thus it befell that in the spring of 1946 Robert E. Rodes formed the Association of U.S. Ex-Servicemen in Morocco and became its president. The connection? Simply that, whenever you aim to put something over with Americans, or in America, first become a "veteran." A veteran of foreign wars. Doesn't matter how old you are; there were "veterans" of nineteen floating around in 1945.

Duly become a veteran, Robert E. Rodes proceeded to do his stuff. With thirty-six other veterans, mostly in Casablanca, he founded the American Trade Association of Morocco and, boy, did that sound good on swell note-paper!

It proved just as good in the reality. Soon Robert E. Rodes and his associates were sitting pretty on the merriest of merry-go-rounds. It worked like this. They ordered consumer goods in the U.S., paid for them in dollars, and had them landed in Morocco at a trifling harbourage charge. They then resold them to Casablanca business-men in francs, sometimes making 200 per cent. profit on such items as chewing-gum, gramophone records, nylons and Bourbon whisky. Then over to Tangiers.

Tangiers has a free currency market. In international Tangiers freedom reigns supreme and dollars can be bought at will. The Robert E. Rodes outfit exchanged its francs for dollars and started the ball rolling again. It was as easy as that. Buy from America, pay in dollars, sell at a huge profit in francs, change francs back into dollars. And nary a tax nor a due. So went this delectable merry-go-round.

The "37 Group"—Robert E. Rodes and his original 36 fellow-veterans—was soon a misnomer as others horned-in on this . . . what shall we call it? At any rate, during 1946-47-48 urban Morocco, and especially Casablanca with its skyscrapers, began to give off wafts of little old New York. The big firms, General Motors, Standard Oil and RCA Victor, encompassed this in a wider way; the Rodes group brought the Americanization down into the streets.

By day the big boss barked orders down a telephone and lo, soon the gum-chewing subjects of Sultan Sidi Mohammed were further introduced to the delights of Miami beach shirts and Cadillac cars. Rodes sold anything and everything he could think of, which wasn't already taken care of—like Coca-Cola. He sold costly streptomycin to hospitals, the latest American ball-point pens to street vendors. His only failure was with Spam in the Medina. Despite all his sales talk, the native butchers preferred the buzzing of innumerable flies round their sides of mutton.

At night Robert E. Rodes flitted from party to party—and "Casa" can be quite a gay spot. For the American traders, Morocco was a land of milk and money, and they knew how to celebrate the circumstance. The year 1948 brought them an official turnover of 10,000,000 dollars. Rodes himself disclosed a turnover of 125,000 dollars for the year. On this, he lived like an expatriate for whom money was no object, and the Association opened a New York office.

Yet that was to be high tide, though little they knew it at the time. First, French traders in Morocco rose up against Rodes' activities, and then the Government in Paris put its finger on these same activities as undermining its policy of stabilising the currency in Morocco. The upshot was that the Sultan issued a decree on December 30, 1949, putting an end to the system of imports without exchange control authority.

To soften the blow, the French Government agreed that a small list of American goods should continue to come in freely, the main items being: sugar, powdered and condensed milk, coffee, green tea, cement, building equipment, ferrous and non-ferrous metals, tyres for heavy lorries. But the list only set Robert E. Rodes thinking of President Jackson and the Emperor of Morocco, and in his capacity as Commander of Casablanca Post, American Legion, he declared the Sultan's decree to be "admittedly a violation of the treaty rights enjoyed by Americans for a century," and then he left with a group of traders to campaign and lobby around the White House, the State Department and Congress.

So dexterously was this handled that Secretary Acheson had to remind the French of the 1837 treaty rights, whereupon the Quai d'Orsay retorted with its trump-card. Had not the Americans recognised the French Protectorate in two letters in 1917 (when the U.S. came into the First World War)? Well, then! That carried American recognition of the French right to apply their regulations in the Protectorate—as all other countries had recognised and acted on.

CASABLANCA, WHERE THE RODES GROUP HAVE "MADE MERRY"—THE GREAT NORTH AFRICAN SEAPORT CITY SEEN FROM THE AIR: In the foreground is the modern downtown portion of the city and harbour. It was here that Colonel Robert E. Rodes started his great trading enterprise after the Second World War, invoking the Treaty of Meknès, signed in the days of Andrew Jackson's Presidency, as a means of protecting the interests of his group in their plans for importing American products.

"Oh, very well!" must have half-concurred the State Department, for presently U.S. and French officials got out a considerably longer list of American goods which could go into Morocco without restriction, the hope being that this liberality would placate the Rodes Group.

But Robert E. Rodes was having none of it. He was playing on Congress jingoism and making headway. Some of the 200 American traders based on "Casa" thought quite a lot could be done with the two lists, and why take risks that might upset the whole apple-cart? But that wasn't Robert E. Rodes' way of looking at it, and last August he scored a sizzling winner when Congress adopted an amendment stipulating that, after November 1, Marshall Aid credits would be withheld from any country having dependent territories where U.S. treaty rights were being violated.

Only in the very nick of time—two days before the decree stopping Marshall Aid to France would have been promulgated if President Truman concurred, did the Quai d'Orsay think of, and the State Department agree to, the World Court.

It only remains to be said that the Rodes merry-go-round contributed to the difficulties between the Sultanate and the Paris Government by weakening the Moroccan currency and so retarding some of the reforms on which the Sultan has set his heart. Nevertheless, many a native and European got what they wanted after the starved war years, thanks to Robert E. Rodes and "Group 37"

SMOKE AND FLAME BELCHING FROM ONE OF THE CONES OF ETNA DURING THE GREAT ERUPTION WHICH HAS OVERWHELMED VAST AREAS ON THE EASTERN SLOPES OF THE MOUNTAIN: These eastern slopes have known a hundred years of peace, but now whole villages have been evacuated and the damage to property has been immense. The lava stream, half-a-mile wide, at one time advanced at 45 yards an hour, but as it neared the village of Renazzo the pace slackened.

ETNA'S RED-HOT TIDE

A Mountain of Fire in Full and Dangerous Eruption

The eastern slopes of Etna have known a hundred years of peace from volcanic eruption and lava engulfment. Now Sicily's burning monster is at work again, and since the last week of November a red-hot tide has been advancing on Milo, Renazzo and Fornazzo, eating its way through vineyards and chestnut groves, destroying the livelihood of thousands of villagers. So serious was the situation at one time that there were panic proposals to drop bombs in the path of the lava stream in order to divert it from threatened villages. Local authorities rejected the idea, however, as the diversions would have threatened other villages. On December 8, all the inhabitants of Milo were evacuated. Sicilian police lined the main streets to prevent looting. Most of the inhabitants were transported in army and police lorries southwards to Zafferana, together with their household effects and the casks of wine which represent their most precious movable capital. There were distressing departure scenes. Some of the people kissed the walls of their empty houses.

WHERE THE FIERY STREAM HAS BEEN ADVANCING AT THE RATE OF ONE MILE IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS—THE SLOPES OF ETNA WITH THE VILLAGES OF MILO AND RENAZZO IN THE DISTANCE, AND IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE SMOKE RISING FROM THE BURNING LAVA: This picture was taken on the fifteenth day of the eruption, when the lava was still sweeping steadily forward in a wall between 20 ft. and 40 ft. high. Villages in the path of the lava had all been evacuated.

A WALL OF FIRE-STREAKED LAVA MOVES THROUGH A VINEYARD NEAR MILO: This awe-inspiring picture was taken during the engulfment of property on the outskirts of the village. As the lava sweeps on, great lumps from the top of the stream slither forward, leaving a red-hot wall exposed.

THE PEOPLE OF MILO CARRY A FIGURE OF THE MADONNA RIGHT UP TO THE EDGE OF THE ADVANCING WALL OF LAVA FROM THE VOLCANO: Some knelt down in the dust to pray for the salvation of their homes. Many hoped that the arrival of a famed Capuchin friar, Padre Pio, from a monastery at Foggia, would lead to a turning of the tide. The majority of inhabitants of Milo took the precaution of evacuating their homes.

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

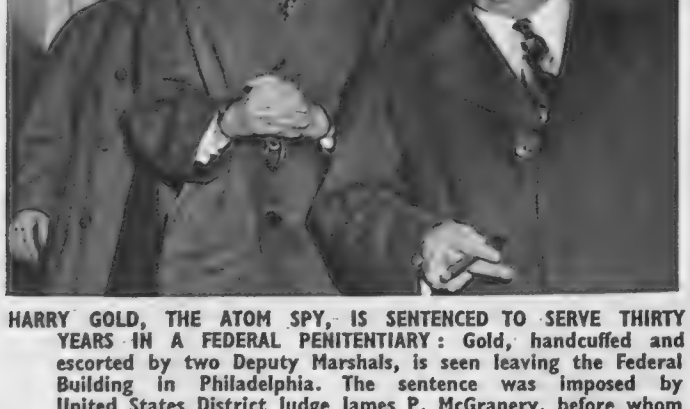
A FOREIGN SURVEY IN PICTURES

HUNTSMEN PARADE THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS : Arriving at the Madeleine Church at the end of the Rue Royale, where a St. Hubert service was held. The parade started at the Porte Maillot. Thousands lined the Champs Élysées to see the riders

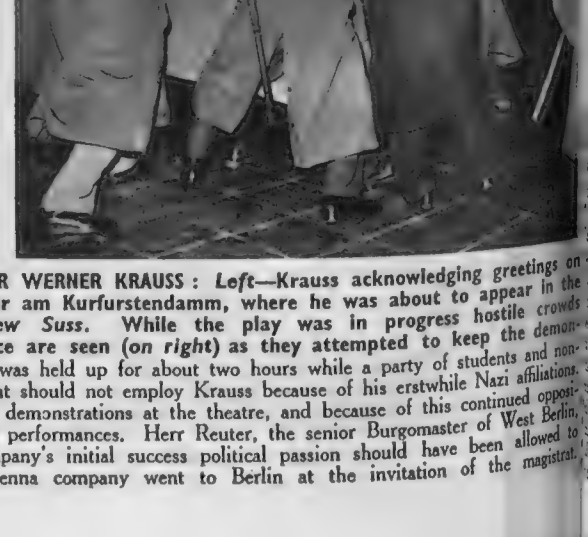
BLESSING THE HUNTSMEN ON THE STEPS OF THE MADELEINE IN PARIS : The curé, flanked by picturesquely clad members of the hunt, during the service in honour of St. Hubert, Patron Saint of huntsmen. St. Hubert, son of Bertrand, Duke of Aquitaine, and cousin of King Pepin, is reputed to have been so fond of the 'chase that he neglected his religious duties for his favourite pastime, until one day a stag bearing a crucifix menaced him with eternal perdition unless he reformed his way of life. Upon this he entered the cloister, and in due time became Bishop of Liége.

THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE CONGRESS IN PARIS : M. Vladimir de Boursac (left), representing the International Air Transport Administration, seated beside Mr. Ronald Howe, of Scotland Yard, the Chairman of the Conference, during the discussions regarding the establishment of a Criminal Police Force of the Air. The aim of this new organisation will be to catch air smugglers, whose numbers have increased markedly during the past few years. Ten of the world's leading detectives were delegates to the conference.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND BIDS FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS BOUND FOR KOREA : Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., with officers of the 16th New Zealand Field Regiment at Waiourou Military Camp, when he visited them during the winding-up of their training prior to departure for the Korean front. Training finished with an exercise in which rocket-firing Mosquito aircraft co-operated and in which live ammunition was also used by the ground forces. On the left is Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Moodie, who commands the 16th Field Regiment. The Korea force left Wellington on December 10 in the *Ormonde*. It was seen off by Mr. Holland, the Premier.



HARRY GOLD, THE ATOM SPY, IS SENTENCED TO SERVE THIRTY YEARS IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY : Gold, handcuffed and escorted by two Deputy Marshals, is seen leaving the Federal Building in Philadelphia. The sentence was imposed by United States District Judge James P. McGranery, before whom the defendant had pleaded guilty as having acted as go-between for Russian spies and Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the British atomic scientist. The severity of the penalty, the maximum permitted by law short of death, came as a surprise to most of the people gathered in the courtroom. It was five years longer than the term recommended by the Attorney-General, and more than double the fourteen years' sentence meted out in England to Fuchs. Gold was a research chemist at Philadelphia General Hospital at the time of his arrest by F.B.I. agents.



BERLIN DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE ACTOR WERNER KRAUSS : *Left*—Krauss acknowledging greetings on arrival at the stage door of the Theater am Kurfurstendamm, where he was about to appear in the Vienna Burg Theater production of *Jew Suss*. While the play was in progress hostile crowds gathered outside the theatre, and police are seen (*on right*) as they attempted to keep the demonstrators in check. Traffic in the vicinity was held up for about two hours while a party of students and non-German Jews demanded that the management should not employ Krauss because of his erstwhile Nazi affiliations. At the next performance there were further demonstrations at the theatre, and because of this continued opposition it was decided to cancel the remaining performances. Herr Reuter, the senior Burgomaster of West Berlin, expressed regret that after the Vienna company's initial success political passion should have been allowed to cloud the atmosphere of the city. The Vienna company went to Berlin at the invitation of the magistrat.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUS TERMINAL RISES ON MID-MANHATTAN'S WEST SIDE : The terminal, which was opened on December 15, deals with more than 700 buses an hour during peak hours, and on an average day 60,000 suburban and 10,000 long-distance travellers now use the premises. This view shows the parking roof and the ramps leading to it. The bus terminal is within easy reach of the shore-line raised highway which gives traffic access to the bridges and tunnels linking with the New Jersey shore. Access to the Long Island shore is also by high-level road.

THE BATTLE OF BALTINGLASS

THEY CARRIED BLACK FLAGS TO SIGNALISE DEFEAT : Villagers of Baltinglass, County Wicklow, parading through the town after calling a halt to their battle with the authorities over the establishing of a new post office and the ousting of the former village postmistress.

THE PEOPLE OF BALTINGLASS DEMAND JUSTICE : Citizens and police outside the old post office.

THE NEW POST OFFICE : Farrell's shop in Baltinglass. Police had to provide protection as the telephone cable was laid to the new post office.

IRISH DETERMINATION LOST THE DAY : Police moving on the crowd outside the old post office as demonstrators protested against its closure.

POLICE STAND GUARD AS CABLE-LAYING OPERATIONS PROGRESS IN THE VILLAGE OF BALTINGLASS : The cable-layers were working in their tent outside the old post office.

Villagers in Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, have now called a halt in their battle with authority, but while it lasted it was in the real Irish tradition. The villagers were championing forty-three-year-old Miss Helen Cooke, whose family have run the Baltinglass Post Office for seventy-five years. They resented the post office being transferred to twenty-seven-year-old Michael Farrell, another Baltinglass shopkeeper. To prevent the post office carrying out its intention of transferring the cables, villagers installed a siren and prepared to rally to the defence of Miss Cooke whenever the moment should arise. Police and telephone engineers made a dawn attack, and after a rough-and-tumble with the picket outside the old post office, the work of relaying the cable was put in hand. Now the villagers say they are going to take their troubles to the Dail. The new postmaster, however, keeps calm and he declares : " I will try to give good service."

TRAGIC CASE OF BERTHA HERTOGH : The thirteen-year-old Dutch girl seen with two friends at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Singapore, where she was sent to await the Supreme Court decision as to her future. While an appeal for Bertha's return to her Malay foster-mother was pending, Muslim demonstrators gathered outside the Supreme Court, and in a tragic series of riots no fewer than fifteen people were killed and 180 injured. After a day and a night of savagery the decision was reached to call in the army, and a detachment of the 7th Hussars accordingly came in from Johore. The Court of Appeal in Singapore finally decided that nothing should be done to grant a stay of execution on the judgment returning Bertha to her parents.

SIGNING THE FRANCO-VIET-NAM MILITARY PACT : Ex-Emperor Bao Dai (seated left), Chief of the Viet-Nam State, and Leon Pignon (seated right), French High Commissioner to Indo-China, signing the pact in the Palais de la Presidence in Saigon. This military convention creates a national Viet-Nam Army. Twelve battalions of perhaps 7,500 men are transferred by the pact to Viet-Namese command with Viet-Namese officers, but they will still be under the orders of a French C-in-C. Previously they had been a part of the French Army.

right—ST. GEORGE'S, BERLIN, NEW CHURCH OF THE BRITISH MUNITY : The foundation-stone the new church was laid last by Major-General Bourne, the sh Commandant, and the dedi- took place on December 9, Bishop of Fulham officiating. uilding, which seats 340 people, en paid for out of occupation costs, is the only way in which buildings e occupation authorities can at be financed. A fund has been to raise £10,000 in order to buy urch from the Germans, at the the occupation, for the use of ish community resident in Berlin.

JUBILEE of the NOBEL PRIZES

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE AWARDS BY KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN

Alfred Nobel, inventor of pyroglycerine, sometimes known as "Nobel's blasting oil" and the forerunner of dynamite, which he also perfected, died in 1896. The Swedish chemist left in his will provision for five prizes to be awarded to benefactors of mankind, and to administer this fund he created the Nobel Institute in Stockholm. Four of his prizes are for physics, chemistry, medicine or physiology, and literature, and are awarded from Stockholm. The fifth, the Peace Prize, was, for some reason best known to Nobel himself, placed in the gift of the Norwegian Government, where it still remains. On December 10 the Swedish Awards for 1950 were made in the Stockholm Concert Hall, and, this being the fiftieth anniversary of the Nobel Foundation, all past prize-winners were invited to be present. No fewer than twenty-nine of them accepted the invitation. Among the winners of prizes in this fiftieth anniversary year were Earl Russell, the seventy-eight-year-old British philosopher, who received the prize for Literature, and Professor Cecil Powell, of Bristol University, who received the Physics prize.

THE CEREMONY IN THE GREAT HALL OF STOCKHOLM CONCERT HALL AT WHICH EIGHT NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS RECEIVED THEIR AWARDS FROM KING GUSTAV VI : As this was the fiftieth anniversary of the Nobel Foundation, past prize-winners were invited to attend the ceremony and twenty-nine were present. The ceremony was televised and marked the start of television broadcasting in Sweden. Two Britons, three Americans, two Germans and one Swiss were the recipients of the prizes given in recognition of their services to mankind.

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AT THE NOBEL PRIZE-GIVING IN THE STOCKHOLM CONCERT HALL : From left to right in the front row are : Prince Bertil, Queen Louise, King Gustav VI, Princess Sybilla and Prince Wilhelm. Princess Sybilla is the wife of the late Crown Prince Gustav Adolf. Prince Wilhelm is a younger brother of the new Swedish King. Prince Bertil is one of the King's sons.

RELATIVES OF RECIPIENTS OF THE LATEST NOBEL PRIZES : From left to right are : Miss Jill Faulkner, daughter of Mr. William Faulkner, the American novelist ; Mrs. Walker, sister of Professor Cecil Powell ; Frau Marianne Diels, wife of Emeritus Professor Otto Diels ; Mlle. Ruth Reichstein, daughter of Dr. Tadeusz Reichstein ; and Mrs. R. Kendall, wife of Dr. Edward C. Kendall, of Mayo Clinic.

RECEIVING THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE : Earl Russell, O.M., is handed the award by King Gustav of Sweden. The citation for the award relates to Earl Russell's "versatile and important writings in which he has shown himself an apostle of humanity and freedom of thought."

RECEIVING THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY : Emeritus Professor Otto Diels, of Kiel University, seen with King Gustav. Diels, a former assistant of Dr. Kurt Adler, has played a leading part in the production of complicated chemical compounds of wide use in everyday life.

"FOR HIS VIGOROUS AND INDEPENDENT ARTISTIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO RECENT LITERATURE" : Mr. William Faulkner, the American novelist, receiving from the hands of King Gustav the Nobel Literature Prize for 1949, the award for which has now been made a year late. William Faulkner, who was born in the State of Mississippi, has written over twenty novels, most of which are concerned with the problems of the Deep South.

A SILENT TOAST IS DRUNK TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ALFRED NOBEL: Mrs. Isobel Powell, wife of Professor Cecil Frank Powell, winner of the Nobel Physics Prize, 1950, seen at the anniversary banquet.

NOBEL PRIZEWINNERS AT THE BANQUETING TABLE: Left to right—William Faulkner, winner of the recently awarded Literature Prize for 1949; Madame Joliot Curie, the prizewinner in Medicine in 1935; Dr. Paul Muller, prizewinner in Medicine in 1948; with Mrs. Anders Osterling.

THE GAY PHILOSOPHER WHO WROTE "THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS": Earl Russell, with Mrs. Hench, wife of the Nobel prizewinner Dr. Philip Hench, at the Stockholm banquet. Dr. Philip Hench is the joint prizewinner for Medicine and Physiology. Earl Russell, now in his seventy-ninth year, is a grandson of Lord John Russell, the nineteenth-century Prime Minister. Earl Russell is wearing the Order of Merit.

MRS. AINA ERLANDER WITH DR. PHILIP HENCH: The wife of Sweden's Prime Minister, Tage Erlander, in conversation with one of the joint winners of the Nobel Prize for Medicine, 1950.

SHOWING THE NOBEL DIPLOMA TO HIS WIFE: Professor Cecil Frank Powell, Professor of Physics at Bristol University, and Mrs. Powell, after the presentation by King Gustav of Sweden.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE NOBEL ANNIVERSARY GATHERING: *Left*—Professor Boris Chain, prizewinner in Medicine in 1945, seen with a young Swedish girl student, Miss Evy Westerberg, at the reception before the Stockholm banquet. *Right*—Professor Cecil Powell dancing with his wife.

KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN MAKES THE PRESENTATIONS AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY GATHERING: *Left*—Professor Tadeusz Reichstein, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Basle, is one of the recipients of the Medicine and Physiology Prize, for his contribution towards the discovery of the new hormone Cortisone. *Left centre*—Dr. Philip Hench receiving his diploma. It was Dr. Hench who discovered the usefulness of Cortisone in dealing with acute rheumatism. *Right centre*—Professor Kurt Adler, of Cologne University, who shares the Chemistry Prize with Emeritus Professor Otto Diels, of Kiel University. Discoveries facilitating the production of dyes, chemical drugs and plastics have brought recognition from the Nobel Foundation to the two Germans. *Right*—Professor Cecil Frank Powell, of Bristol University, winner of the Physics Prize.

IN FARNBOROUGH'S POLAR AND TROPIC CHAMBERS

A Visit to the R.A.F. Institute of Aviational Medicine Where Experiments Are Conducted Under Extreme Atmospheric Conditions

WEARING AN EXPERIMENTAL ARCTIC SUIT: A member of the staff of the R.A.F. Institute of Aviational Medicine at Farnborough steps out of a low-pressure chamber where the temperature has been reduced to 55 deg. C. The arctic suit is wool lined, and thermometers are attached to the body to register temperatures during the test.

AN AIR-VENTILATED SUIT FOR USE IN THE TROPICS: This suit, being tried out at the R.A.F. Institute of Aviational Medicine, supplies cooled air, by means of a special unit, to all parts of the body where perspiration is most pronounced. Tubes fitted inside the suit permit the flow of air. This picture was taken in the hot chamber, which takes the temperature up to 110 deg.

Psychological problems arising particularly from high-speed and high-altitude flight are investigated at the R.A.F. Institute of Aviational Medicine at Farnborough, formerly the headquarters of the Flying Personnel Research Committee. It became known as the Institute of Aviational Medicine in 1945, and now serves not only the R.A.F., but naval and civil aviation as well. These pictures show polar and tropical kits under test, and also the pressure-breathing waistcoat. The forces of acceleration and deceleration are subjects of special study at Farnborough in these days of ever higher speeds of flight, and in fact there is hardly a problem of modern flight which is not in some way dependent upon the results of Farnborough research. Every day a group of twelve doctors risk all manner of injury in the cause of benefiting the modern-day flier.

THE LOW-PRESSURE CHAMBER AT FARNBOROUGH, REPRODUCING CONDITIONS AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH: The two men inside the chamber are wearing the Royal Air Force's new pressure-breathing waistcoat. Oxygen is fed into the waistcoat and from there reaches the face-mask in an easy flow. The men's mental and physical reactions are tested at varying heights. *Below*—Another view of the men during their brief experimental spell in the low-pressure chamber.

THE MILITARY COMMITTEE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY POWERS MEETS IN LONDON TO CONSIDER MATTERS OF EUROPEAN DEFENCE AS A PRELUDE TO THE MEETING OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FOREIGN AND DEFENCE MINISTERS IN BRUSSELS: The military leaders, for the most part Chiefs of Staff of their respective countries, are seen gathered round the Conference table at Lancaster House. On the right of the table are the Italian, French and Danish delegations, the first-named headed by the new Italian Chief of Staff, Lieut.-General Marras. The United Kingdom, United States and Belgian delegates are on the left of the table. In the foreground, backs to camera, are the Norwegians. After the meeting the military committee issued a short communiqué stating that definite agreement had been reached in the discussions, and the way was thus paved for decisions made on the military level to be quickly endorsed on the political level. The German contribution to European defence was one of the main items on the agenda. In the absence of Field-Marshal Sir William Slim in Washington, Britain was represented on the committee by Lieut.-General N. C. D. Brownjohn, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

THE DANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN AND LUXEMBOURG DELEGATIONS: From right to left are: Colonel A. J. F. Jacoby (Luxembourg), Rear-Admiral Francesco Mimbelli (Italy), Lieut.-General Effisio Marras (Italy), Lieut.-General Y. Ernoux (France), General Charles Lecheres (France), Lieut.-General E. Goertz (Denmark), and Admiral Quistgaard (Denmark).

PLANNING THE DEFENCE OF EUROPE

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE MEET UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. RAWLINGS, DIRECTOR OF R.A.: General Rawlings is seen seated at the head of the table under a map of Western Europe. The Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers has many sub-committees considering various aspects of defence.

TWO OF BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES SEATED BETWEEN THE REPRESENTATIVES OF BRITAIN'S OLDEST ALLY AND HER MOST POWERFUL ALLY: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor and Air Marshal Sir William Elliot seen at the Lancaster House meeting of the Military Committee. On their right hand is Brigadier Guedes, of the Portuguese Army. On their left hand are Admiral Forrest P. Sherman and Lieut.-General Alfred M. Gruenther, both of the United States. This meeting made such excellent progress that it was able to hold on the following day a joint meeting with the Council of Deputies. As a result of these two meetings in London it was hoped that the form of German participation in an integrated force under the supreme command of General Eisenhower would be well understood.

A BATUTSI YOUTH OF THE RUANDA-URUNDI : In height he is just under 7 ft. He is slim and light in weight. His shoulders and his features, as also his movements and manners, are reminiscent, not of Central Africa, but of ancient Egypt.

7-FOOT DANCERS of the BELGIAN CONGO

The Remarkable Batutsi People of Ruanda-Urundi

The Batutsi in Ruanda-Urundi, a province in the Belgian Congo, are one of the mysteries of Equatorial Africa. Tall, square-shouldered, they are the master race of a region in which live mainly pygmies of a backward mentality. The Batutsi are an aristocratic race, with fine features and movements similar to the Amharis of Ethiopia, reminding us of the ancient Egyptians. They lord it over the many Negro races which share the steaming jungle land with them, which, for generations, was little more than a name on the map—the Congo. These people have been discovered comparatively recently. The Belgian administrators interfere with them as little as possible.

Most of the Batutsi and the Mututsi (they are neighbours of the same race) usually grow to a height of 7 ft. They worship sacred cows with extraordinarily long horns. Their ruler is the Mwami, a traditional prince educated at a Belgian mission school. Hard work is not for the Batutsi. The two things they like best are to dance and to "high-jump." Thanks to their long legs, they clear heights of 8 ft. and sometimes more, using big stones as jumping-boards. When there is the slightest justification, they don their festive garb (which differs according to tribe, village, family and social standing) and forgather to dance. There is a kind of stadium at Usumbura where dance festivals are held, and the Mwami himself comes on to the field to watch the dancers.

IN FRONT OF THE MWAMI, THE MAJESTICALLY ROBED RULER OF THE BATUTSI, THE AGILE DANCERS PERFORM THEIR RITUAL ON A CEREMONIAL OCCASION AT USUMBURA : The Batutsi of Ruanda-Urundi, one of the provinces of the Belgian Congo, are great dancers, with fine features and movements. They are an aristocratic race, with very little in common with the jungle people around them.

CEREMONIAL DRESS AMONG THE BATUTSI : *Left*—A 7-ft. dancer in a superb head-dress and leopard skin. Various items in his personal adornment proclaim the man's tribe, family, social status and village. *Right*—Chieftains in their elaborate togas. All three of them are just over 7 ft.

PLUMED AND CAPARISONED, THEY AWAIT THE START OF THEIR CEREMONIAL DANCE : Batutsi tribesmen in the splendour of their full warpaint. The men carry lances and also bows and arrows.

The NEWS PICTURES of 1950

Photographs which have Gained Awards for British Press Photographers

YEAR in year out, in every corner of the world, a vast army of news photographers, for the most part unknown to the general public, is engaged in taking the pictures which adorn the daily Press and which are, of course, the very life-blood of such newspapers as THE SPHERE, dedicated essentially to the task of recording the news in pictures. Once a year, at any rate, some of those photographers shed their anonymity when the awards in the *Encyclopædia Britannica's* annual competition are announced. Last week Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, always a good friend of the Press and the Press photographer, went to the Savoy Hotel to make the awards for 1950, in the third annual competition. This year the competition was organised in six categories—Portfolios of ten pictures; Picture Sequences; News; Sport; Feature

(*Continued below*)

THE QUEEN RECEIVES JEAN SIMMONS: This picture, entitled "Command Performance," showing Her Majesty at the Royal Command Film Show in November, is one of a series of ten pictures taken by Stanley Devon, and submitted by him in the Portfolio Category to the Third Annual Competition sponsored by the *Encyclopædia Britannica Book of the Year*. The judges have nominated Mr. Devon British News Photographer of 1950, and at the ceremony at the Savoy last week he received from Field-Marshal Montgomery a Plaque of Merit and a cheque for 100 guineas. Other awards made in this competition are shown in the special section on this and the following pages.

"ROYAL HOLIDAY"—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER FAMILY ON THE "ABERDONIAN": The Princess holding her month-old daughter Princess Anne, and accompanied by Prince Charles, stands in the carriage doorway just before leaving King's Cross en route to Scotland last September. This photograph won third prize for Edward Worth in the News category of the *Encyclopædia Britannica Book of the Year* competition.

"PROUD GRANDFATHER"—THE KING WITH PRINCESS ANNE, WHO IS IN THE ARMS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AT THE ROYAL CHRISTENING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: This picture was in the portfolio of ten photographs which won Stanley Devon the award of British News Photographer of 1950. Mr. Devon also won the award in 1948. In 1949 he was not eligible to enter the competition as he was acting as one of the judges.

(*Continued from above on left*)

and Colour Pictures. A total of 1,809 pictures was submitted by 198 British Press photographers, who represented 29 newspapers, 11 agencies and 6 magazines. There were also entries from 13 free-lance photographers.

The judges of the competition were Mr. Percy W. Harris, Hon. F.R.P.S., who was nominated by the Royal Photographic Society; Mr. Robert Rider-Rider, who was "British News Photographer of 1949"; Mr. W. S. Bowser, the News Editor of the Northern Edition of the *Daily Express*; Mr. W. K. McGowran, Sports Editor of the London *Evening News*; and Mr. John Armitage, London Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This year it would be hard to say that there was any one picture which caught the imagination, which could beyond all doubt be labelled as the picture of the year, although Stanley Devon's picture "Proud Grandfather" of the King with his daughters and his granddaughter, Princess Anne, at the christening at Buckingham Palace, surely comes near to that distinction? Stanley Devon placed "Proud Grandfather" first in his portfolio of pictures, which have once again won for him the award of "British News Photographer of the Year." Another charming study is "Command Performance," in which attractive Jean Simmons is seen being received by Her Majesty the Queen at the Royal Command Film Show. The great bubbling ebullient figure of the Radio Doctor, Dr. Charles Hill, seen on his electioneering rounds during his battle in the Conservative-Liberal interest at Luton, was another masterpiece of news

(*Continued on following page*)

THE NEWS PICTURES OF 1950

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"EYES ON THE COLONEL"—THE MISHAP TO A COLONEL OF THE GUARDS, UNSEATED BY HIS RESTIVE HORSE DURING A REHEARSAL OF THE TROOPING THE COLOUR: This photograph gained for Leslie Priest the second award in the News Category of the Third Annual Competition for British Press photographers organised by the "'Encyclopædia Britannica' Book of the Year." Mr. Priest has received an illuminated diploma and a cheque for 25 guineas. Ten thousand people saw this incident which Mr. Priest recorded. It took place at the first of two rehearsals for the Trooping. The officer concerned was Colonel Browning, of the Welsh Guards. His horse stumbled and fell, throwing Colonel Browning to the ground

"EYES ON 'THE VOICE'"—A STUDY IN MASS ECSTASY AT THE STAGE-DOOR OF THE LONDON PALLADIUM: First award in the News Category of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" competition goes to Ronald Mitchell for this photograph of the crowd greeting Frank Sinatra. Even the policeman seems to have been caught up in the almost hysterical excitement of the moment, as he forms part of a chain to hold back the throng.

"WAKE UP IN THE FRONT THERE!"—GIRLS OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY AT A DRILL PARADE TAKEN BY THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: Dennis Lee Royle receives third award in the Feature Category for this well-composed picture. The picture was among those exhibited at the Savoy Hotel during the presentation of the awards.

"HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?"—A MOMENT OF WEST INDIAN JUBILATION: Mr. C. E. Seymour receives first award in the Sports Category, a diploma and a cheque for 50 guineas, for this picture taken last summer during the second Test match at Lord's. The beaming wicketkeeper, C. Walcott, is seen appealing successfully for a catch after a ball had tipped the bat of W. J. Edrich, who is shown as he rises from the ground.

PART OF A WINNING SEQUENCE COVERING THE INCHON INVASION: American troops in action on Wolmi Island during the amphibious operation which led to the capture of Seoul and advance beyond the 38th Parallel. This was the work of Bert Hardy, who receives a cheque for 75 guineas.

(*Continued from previous page*)

photography. Even those who do not share Dr. Hill's trenchant views no doubt felt, when they saw Stanley Devon's picture, that here was something which epitomised the John Bull fighting spirit. As a work of photographic art it is all the more remarkable when one realises that for the news photographer there are no second chances. In the few moments available to him on the hustings, on crowded railway stations, at thronged football matches, he must catch the fleeting impression. Bert Hardy's portfolio from the Inchon invasion was another fine piece of work. This is the second time this photographer has achieved success in this category of the competition.

The news picture awards were, to this writer at any rate, a trifle disappointing. It is hard to believe that R. E. Mitchell's study of Frank Sinatra fans outside the London Palladium, brilliant as it is, was worthy of first place in this category, while the Colonel who fell from his horse during the rehearsal for Trooping the Colour certainly provided news, but scarcely not of major importance?

Pictures in the sport category are possibly the most satisfying of all, and high praise must go to C. E. Seymour for his picture "Jubilation," in which Walcott, the West Indian wicketkeeper, is seen in the seventh heaven of cricketing delight as he appeals for a catch at the wicket against the fallen Edrich. Will there ever be a better cricketing picture, one is tempted to ask. Malcolm McNeill's picture "Desperate Remedy," in which a Swansea Town left back is seen punching the ball from the goalmouth in a Highbury cup-tie is one of those pieces of photographic reporting which only the most vigilant, or luckiest, of cameramen record. Finally Ivy and Brumas, the two great Zoological personalities of the year, win a well-deserved prize in the feature section. So many photographers went to Regent's Park to record the antics of Brumas and her mother that it would have been something of a miracle if at least one really great picture had not emerged.

OULD IT GO IN MY HOME?"—A VISITOR TO THE "SCULPTURE IN THE HOME" EXHIBITION STUDIES FRANK DOBSON'S BUST OF LYDIA LOPOKOVA: Bela Zola received a cheque for 25 guineas for this photograph placed in the Feature Category.

E SMILE OF CONFIDENCE"—DR. CHARLES HILL, AT THAT TIME THE RADIO DOCTOR, SEEN AS HE TOURED HIS CONSTITUENCY DURING THE GENERAL ELECTION WHEN HE SUCCESSFULLY CONTESTED LUTON IN THE LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE INTEREST: The picture (which formed the front page of "The Sphere" in the issue of February 25, 1950) is one of the winning pictures submitted to the annual competition by Stanley Devon. Dr. Hill is shown, with microphone in one fist and with the other clenched, banging home an election point as he made his final appeal to the voters on the eve of the poll.

AMP'S VIEW OF A PHILATELIST: This is Stanley Devon's picture of Mrs. John Denny Dale, of New York. The close-up was taken as Mrs. Dale toured the London Stamp Exhibition.

COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE RESTORATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY IN ENGLAND AND WALES: Bishop Rangers and the Bishop of Lancaster in the Library of St. Mary's College, Twickenham, when they attended a garden-party. This is another of Stanley Devon's fine pictures.

"HANDICAPPER'S DREAM AND JOCKEY'S NIGHTMARE"—THE FINISH OF THE FALMOUTH HANDICAP AT YORK WITH FOUR HORSES BUNCHED IN A LINE AS THEY FOUGHT OUT THE LAST STRIDES OF THE RACE: C. Holliday, who receives second prize in the Sports Category for this fine picture, shows the four horses engaged in a finish of heads. Left to right—Good Taste (W. Nevett) was placed third; Congo Song (A. J. Russell) was placed second; Refund (Gordon Richards) was third equal with Good Taste, and Burnt Brown (J. Sime) was the winner. While all are straining for victory, Gordon Richards has seen the danger of a collision and is attempting as best he can to avoid trouble. Sime, on the winner, is doing something of an acrobatic act in order to prevent a collision with the champion jockey, who is on his right hand. The varying styles of the jockeys are very well exemplified.

"BE STILL"—A BRIDAL ATTENDANT HAS HIS HAIR COMBED AT THE MARRIAGE OF LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AND MR. PETER WHITLEY AT KIRTLING, NEAR NEWMARKET: This was another picture by Stanley Devon in his prize-winning portfolio, which has won him the title of News Photographer of 1950.

"DESPERATE REMEDY"—THE SWANSEA TOWN LEFT BACK, KEANE, PUNCHES OUT THE BALL TO SAVE A GOAL AND GIVE ARSENAL A PENALTY SHOT IN THE FOURTH ROUND CUP-TIE AT HIGHBURY: This photograph won Malcolm McNeill the third award in Sports Category of the competition organised by the "Encyclopædia Britannica Book of the Year." Mr. McNeill receives a cheque for 10 guineas.

"ROLLING OVER"—G. M. ELLIOTT, OF LONDON, WINNING THE HIGH JUMP IN THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT THE WHITE CITY: This was one of the sports pictures included by Stanley Devon in his winning portfolio. The athlete's style is demonstrated to perfection, as the camera shows him at the apex of his jump.

"MOTHER NURSES FAMOUS BABY"—IVY, THE LONDON ZOO'S POLAR BEAR, WITH HER CHILD BRUMAS, WHICH BROUGHT RECORD CROWDS TO REGENT'S PARK DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS: C. Dawson won first prize in the Feature Category of the competition with this picture in which the adoring mother basks in the sun with her diminutive offspring. Throughout the summer Brumas was the prime attraction at Regent's Park, but as the year wore on there came news that she was inclined at times to be both dirty and bad-tempered. A glance at Mr. Dawson's idyllic picture gives no hint of the shape of things to come.

"JUMPING STYLE"—HOLLYWELL DECISIVE, RIDDEN BY MISS J. BECKER, TAKING A JUMP IN THE LADIES' OPEN JUMPING CLASS AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: Here is yet another fine piece of photography by Mr. Devon, whose work over such a wide range has won him the premier award of the year and which, appropriately enough, begins and ends this special "Sphere" section of pictures. All the entries in the British competition have been forwarded to America for the Eighth News Pictures of the Year Competition, which is in part sponsored by the University of Missouri, so news of further successes by our photographers is now awaited.

THE NEWS PICTURES OF 1950

A Further Selection from the Awards

THE LARGEST TANKER FROM THE BARROW YARDS OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS—THE "BRITISH ADVENTURE" IN CHARGE OF TUGS, ON HER WAY TO THE FITTING-OUT BERTH AFTER THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY: The *British Adventure*, which was launched last week by Mrs. William Fraser, daughter-in-law of Sir William Fraser, Chairman of the British Tanker Company, is the first of six 28,000-ton oil tankers being built in this country for the shipping organisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. This vessel is the first which can be said to have reaped the full benefit of the now almost completed shipyard modernisation scheme. The structure of the *British Adventure* is all welded, with the exception of the seams of the bilge strake and the upper-deck stringer bar. The ship will have thirty oil tanks for carrying oil as cargo, apart from the cargo hold and oil-fuel tanks. The vessel is propelled by a single screw.

Down to the Sea

TANKERS AND CARGO-LINERS FROM BRITAIN'S YARDS

Barrow's Largest Tanker; Clydeside's Biggest Ship of the Year

THE LAUNCH OF "RUAHINE," CLYDESIDE'S BIGGEST SHIP OF THE YEAR—THE "OLD LADY" LEAVES THE SLIPWAY: The new 18,500-ton motor-vessel replaces the second *Ruahine*, built at Dumbarton forty-one years ago, and now in the service of an Italian company. The first ship to bear the name was launched in 1891. The vessel is to enter the service of the New Zealand Shipping Company in May, 1951. She was launched from John Brown's yard by eighty-one-year-old Mrs. J. M. Dawes, who also named the second *Ruahine*. All the Company's ships bear Maori names; the interpretation of "Ruahine" being "Old Lady."

BAD WEATHER CONDITIONS PREVENTED HER FROM LEAVING THE SLIPWAY—THE LAUNCHING OF THE P. & O. CARGO-LINER "SINGAPORE": The naming ceremony of the *Singapore* was performed by Mrs. V. H. Fenney, who is the wife of the P. & O. Freight Manager. The new 9,000-ton vessel will be capable of a speed of 18 knots. She will have accommodation space for twelve passengers and will be put into service between Britain and the Far East.

Preserving Georgian Deptford

THE HOUSES IN ALBURY STREET COME WITHIN THE PRESERVATION SCHEMES OF THE MINISTRY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING

Deptford, one of the twenty-eight London boroughs, where Raleigh docked the *Golden Hind* and where Peter the Great studied navigation, has had a dramatic history, but of its former glory little now remains. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning has thought fit, however, to bring within its preservation schemes some of the old Georgian houses in Albury Street. Standing in the midst of drab rows of cottages and tenements, Albury Street is something of a mystery, and it will doubtless remain so, for, except for captions on a few old prints, there seem to be no substantial local records regarding this street. There is a mass of unwritten lore in the neighbourhood regarding the antecedents of Albury Street, and it seems

(*Continued below on right*)

THE HOUSE IN DEPTFORD WHERE LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON ARE KNOWN TO HAVE TARRIED : No. 34, Albury Street (on left) is definitely linked with the great naval commander.

PERHAPS A LINK WITH SAILING DAYS : This carving on a Deptford house might be a copy from a ship's figurehead.

IN THE GRINLING GIBBONS MANNER : This cherubic figure supports one of the canopies over a doorway in Albury Street, Deptford, where some of the houses are now listed as buildings of historic and architectural interest and come within the preservation schemes of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

fairly well-established that Nelson and his devoted Emma spent some time there. It is also said that many of the Albury Street houses belonged to smugglers who brought their contraband up the Thames and into their houses by way of secret tunnels going down to the shore.

Some of the carvings in Albury Street are reminiscent of the work of Grinling Gibbons. The great man's work, which can be seen at St. Nicolas's Church, Deptford, is intimately linked with the borough, for the Dutch-born carver won the recognition of John Evelyn, the diarist, who lived at Sayes Court, Deptford. It was Evelyn who won for Gibbons the patronage of Wren.

REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN THE HOME OF ADMIRAL BENBOW : No. 37, Albury Street, another house with a canopy above the doorway.

LOOKING DOWN ALBURY STREET FROM THE DEPTFORD HIGH STREET : This Georgian corner of riverside London was fortunate to survive the blitz, for the immediate neighbourhood sustained some of the worst raids of the Second World War. Some of the houses in Albury Street were formerly the homes of big Thames-side smugglers.

NOW LISTED AS A BUILDING OF SPECIAL ARCHITECTURAL INTEREST AND, THEREFORE, NOT TO BE DEMOLISHED UNLESS TWO MONTHS' NOTICE IS GIVEN!—THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, ELY, CAMBRIDGESHIRE: In addition to the Cathedral three other city churches and college buildings have been listed for preservation by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. This view of the Cathedral precincts shows the Palace Green with the Bishop's Palace on right, which are both included in the order.

ASSURING THE PRESERVATION OF ELY CATHEDRAL

Ecclesiastical and College Buildings Listed for Protection

Under the provision of the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, no person may demolish a building which has been listed for preservation, nor may any alteration or extension to the building be carried out, unless at least two months' notice has been given to the local planning authority. Among the latest additions to the list of buildings of special architectural and historic interest is the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Ely, Cambridgeshire, which has now been standing for over 850 years. The Cathedral, begun by Abbot Simeon, replaces an earlier monastery for monks and nuns, which was destroyed by the Danes in 870, and which was refounded 100 years later by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester. Holy Trinity was restored by Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1847. Three city churches and college buildings are also included in the new list. The churches are the Parish Church of St. Mary, the Church of St. Michael, Chettishon, and the Church of St. Mary, Stuntney. The Bishop's Palace, to the west of the Cathedral, is also included in the preservation order. The college buildings include the remaining structures of the old monastic foundation. They are Ely Porta, once the great gatehouse, the barn and stables to the south, and guest quarters of the monastery and subsidiary buildings. Also the Guest Hall and subsidiary buildings, including the Headmaster's House, Bishop's House (Prior's House) and residences incorporating the remains of the Infirmary and including the Chapel.

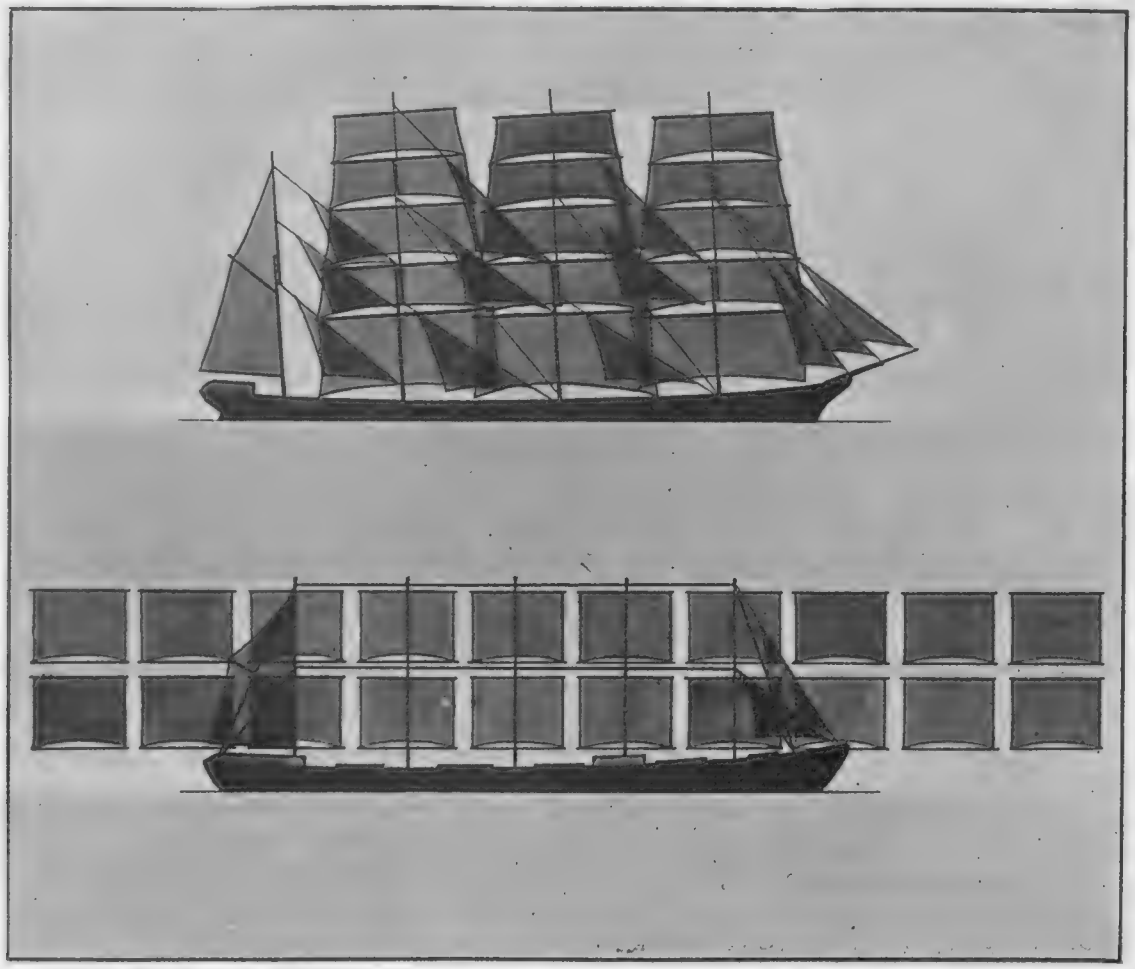
IN THE EPISCOPAL CITY OF ELY: The rear of the Bishop's House (Prior's House), left, and the Headmaster's House, which are to be preserved under the new Government order.

THE TUDOR PALACE OF ELY'S BISHOPS: Ely became a bishopric in 1109. Within the Cathedral precincts there is a theological college.

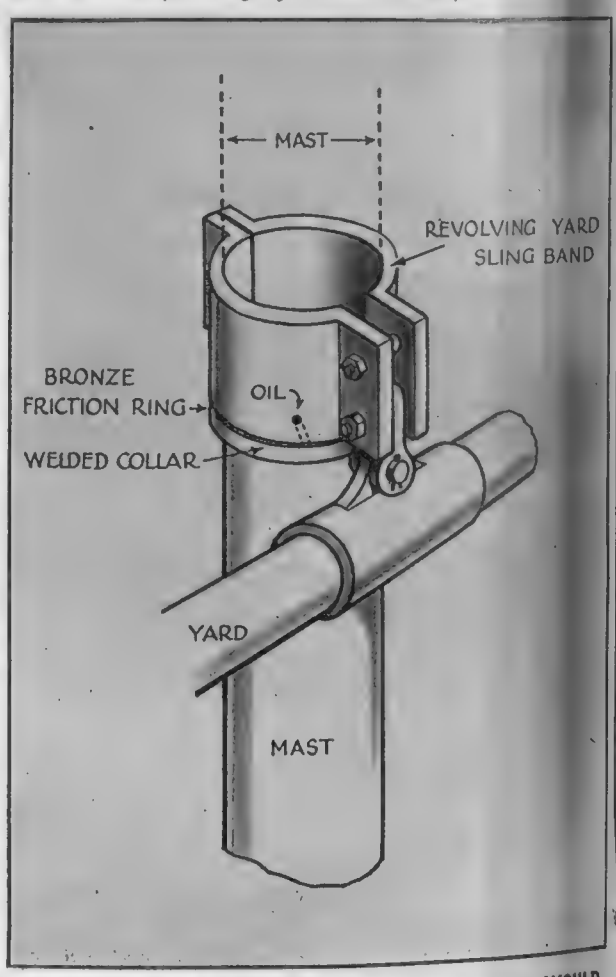
THE OLD-TIMBERED VICARAGE OF ELY'S PARISH CHURCH: In the background, right, is the steeple of the Parish Church of St. Mary. On the left is the decorated octagon tower and lantern of the Cathedral, finished in 1342. The tower is 170 ft. high.

ELY PORTA, THE GREAT GATEHOUSE OF THE OLD MONASTERY FOUNDED IN 673 BY ST. ETHELREDA OR AUDREY, QUEEN OF NORTHUMBRIA: The gatehouse and the rooms above, together with other remaining monastic buildings of the old foundation, are now used by King's School.

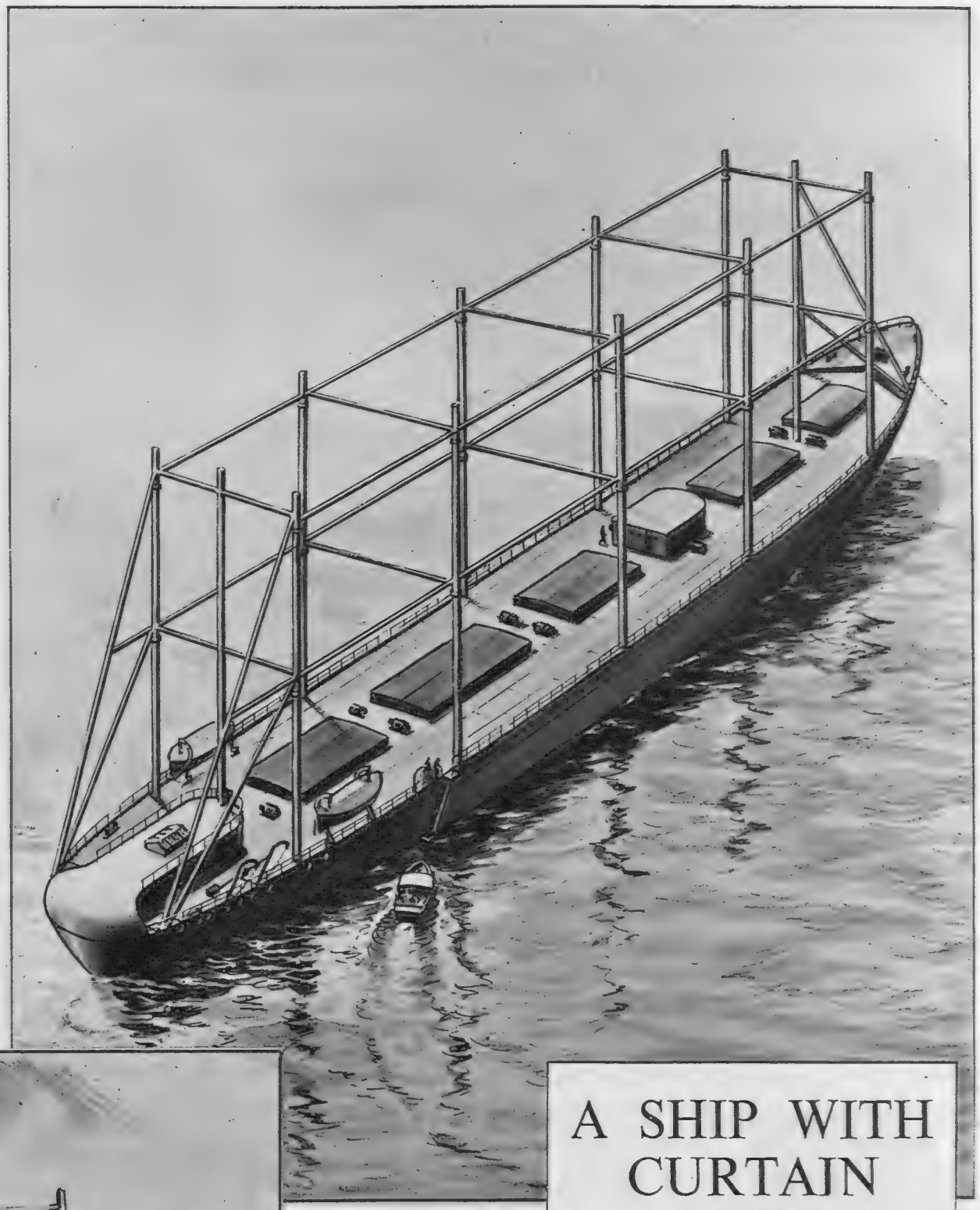
A SAILING SHIP OF THE FUTURE, WITH WHALEBACK DECK AND SLIDING CURTAIN SAILS: This remarkable craft, which it is advocated should be made of new lightweight metals and sail materials, has been devised by Commander Geoffrey Bowles, R.N., who considers that such a ship could be made to operate profitably, particularly if it were employed as a floating workshop as well as a cargo-carrier. Any water coming on to the full whaleback deck would fall straight back into the sea on both sides, and the single-wire sail ropes would be worked under cover. Modern American steamships have as many as twelve strong derrick masts along their sides, with the mast-tops joined across the ship in pairs. Extending this twin side-mast idea and putting sliding curtain sails on them gives a large sail area by reaching out sideways for area instead of reaching upwards, and so brings the area lower down than in the old tall-masted big barques. All the sails would be interchangeable. Triangular hurricane trysails could be fitted on the after-side of each lower mast.—(*Drawings by Laurence Dunn.*)

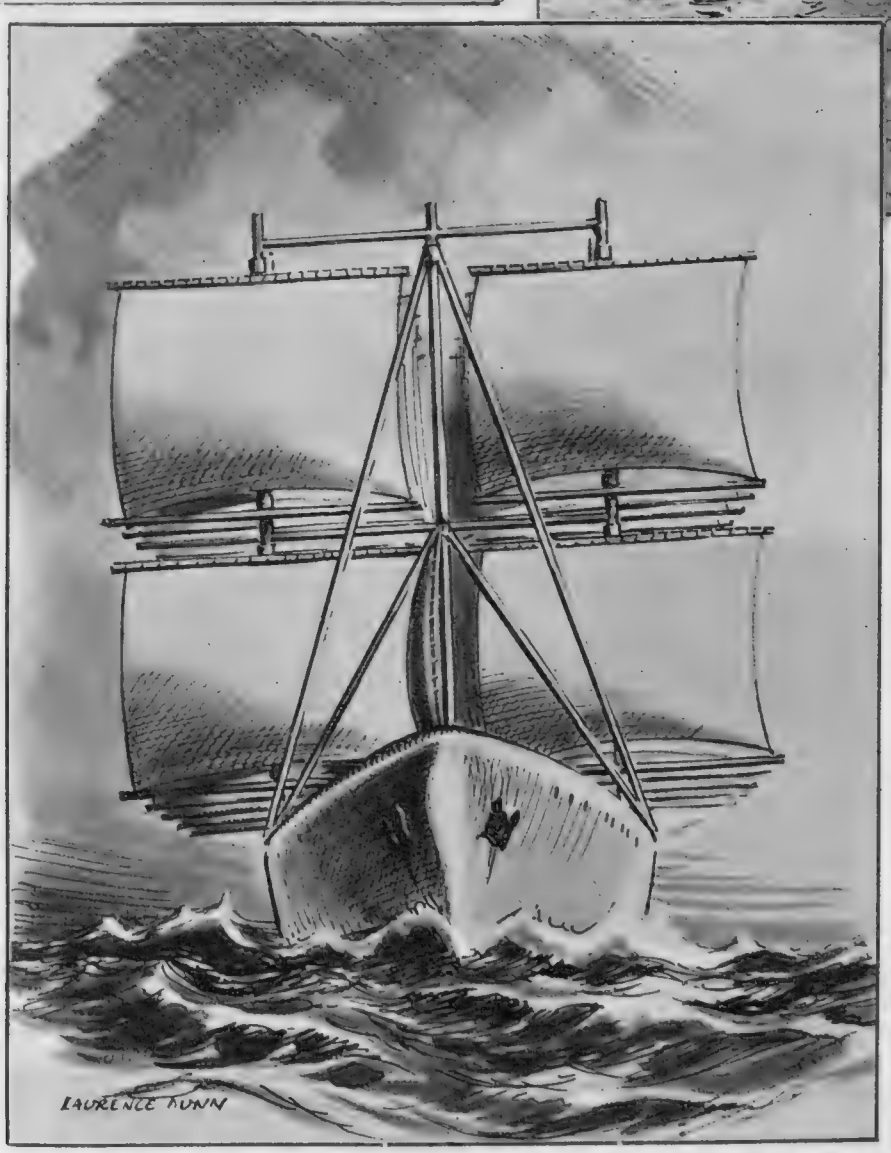


THE SAIL AREA OF A CONVENTIONAL SAILING SHIP CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE PROJECTED TWIN-MASTED SHIP WITH CURTAIN SAILS: The sails in the new craft would be set and furled in-and-out like curtains instead of up-and-down like blinds. Nobody would go aloft in the sliding curtain ship.



THE REVOLVING SLING BAND BY WHICH YARD AND MAST WOULD BE LINKED: A welded collar and a bronze friction ring would enable the yard to swing right through half a circle.





A BOWS-ON VIEW OF THE ULTRA-MODERN CLIPPER, SHOWING HER APPEARANCE WITH A TWIN SPREAD OF SAILS: According to Commander Bowles she could sail as close to the wind as a yacht, and could tack like a yacht by helm alone.

THE TWIN-MASTING ARRANGEMENT OF THE PROJECTED WHALEBACK SHIP: This method of suspension for the sails, which Commander Bowles advocates for his craft, is based on the derrick-mast principle employed on many modern American steamships.

A SHIP WITH CURTAIN SAILS

A SAILING ENTHUSIAST'S IDEA FOR A PROFITABLE TYPE OF SAILING CRAFT

When, in the '20's, Captain Rouben de Cloux stormed towards Cape Horn in his great four-master *Parma*, racing past that perilous point less than a month out from Australia, with every stitch of canvas spread, there were many who thought that that was the last kick of romantic sail. *Parma* was typical of the later-day Cape Horners, a massive great ship, steel from her keel to the tops of her masts. Her rigging was chain and wire, and her sails were stoutest hemp canvas. If all went well with her, her voyages from Australia could be profitable. It was the same with the other ships in the great grain race. There had to be no blown-out sails, and no other mishaps if a voyage was to be profitable. The ships used to run out from Europe in ballast, for there were no cargoes for them to take, and this made the round trip to Australia additionally speculative as a commercial venture.

To-day the old windjammers are few and far between on the oceans of the world, but there is one man at least who believes that the age of the great sailing ships is not over, and he, indeed, has a plan for a type of vessel which could operate profitably. He is Commander Geoffrey Bowles, R.N., who, from his experiences aloft as a midshipman in a wooden sailing man-of-war, as a gunnery officer with an engineering training in the Royal Navy, and of more recent times as a shipowner, has evolved a design for a ship with curtain sails which he commends to those who would sail profitably in deep water. The broad outlines of Commander Bowles's plan are shown in the diagrammatic drawings on these pages. In a series of notes on his design, Commander Bowles writes: "A deep-sea sailing ship that is a workshop as well as a cargo-carrier can defeat delays in port and calms at sea. With the latest ship design and building, new lightweight metals and sail materials, and improved sail handling gear, men in a sailing ship could be treated as human beings instead of like cattle as in the old-timers.

"Modern American steamships have as many as twelve strong derrick masts along their sides, with the mast-tops joined across the ship in pairs. Extending this twin-side mast idea and putting sails on them gives a large sail area by reaching out sideways for area instead of reaching upwards.

"Models of the masting and of the sliding 'curtain' sails and gear show they work easily. Details are available for full-sized tests ashore and for boat-sized sailing trials afloat. Brain saves brawn by cutting out strenuous work aloft and heavy hauling on deck. There is no weight-lifting because the sails are set and furled in-and-out like curtains instead of up-and-down like blinds. The yards are permanently mast-headed on their revolving sling bands.

"The strongest natural fibre is ramie, the fibre of a Chinese stinging nettle. A cheap degumming process would make ramie the best stuff for sails, until a new non-stretching nylon is perfected to give very lightweight sails.

"Every detail of old sailing-ship practice and gear should be reconsidered for possible use, improvement or adaptation."

NEWS FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF EVENTS AT HOME

MARLOW BRIDGE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC: Men engaged in taking up the carriageway of the bridge over the Thames, connecting the Counties of Buckinghamshire and Berkshire. The bridge has been closed to traffic owing to the snapping of one of the wrought-iron suspenders. It was built in 1829 by William T. Clark, a pupil of the great Telford. When the bridge was 100 years old the county councils concerned wished to replace it with a £70,000 single-span bridge. So strong was the opposition from Marlow, supported by the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, that the plan was eventually shelved.

THE FRENCH-REGISTERED CHRYSLER SALOON IN WHICH 7,742 WATCHES WERE FOUND IN SPECIALLY-BUILT SECRET COMPARTMENTS: Mr. John Holt, who made the discovery, seen examining the car, No. 3041, F-75, which was brought to Newhaven by Mrs. Noreen Harbord. At Lewes Assizes on December 11 Mrs. Harbord was accused with two men, and others unknown, of smuggling watches from France. A big smuggling ring is known to be in operation. Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennet, K.C., prosecuting, said at Sussex Assizes, "More of this may yet come before another court."

THE EARL OF HAREWOOD OPENS THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS IN DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY: The Earl making the inaugural speech with Mr. Herbert Read, the Institute's Chairman, seated on his left hand. The Countess of Harewood, making her first public appearance since the birth of her baby in October, is seated next to Mr. Read. The aim of the Institute is to give London an artistic centre comparable with New York's Museum of Modern Art. The premises will provide a setting for exhibitions, recitals, lectures and discussions, and there will be club and study facilities for members.

THE YOUNG TRUMPETERS OF THE R.A. SOUND A FANFARE: Members of the band of the Boys' Battery, Royal Artillery, taking part in the special parade at which the unit was inspected by General Sir Frank Simpson, G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command, at Kinmel Park Camp, North Wales. The Boys' Battery had in former times the main object of training trumpeters for the Royal Artillery. Its scope has since been considerably widened, and its purpose is now to train the future warrant officers and N.C.O.s of the Royal Regiment. Formerly the Boy left the battery as a trumpeter after about a year of training. Under the present system he leaves as a gunner after two to three years' boys' service, with an excellent educational background. Boys at Kinmel can attain a standard of education equivalent to matriculation, or even higher.

THE RACING CAR INVOLVED IN THE WATCH SMUGGLING CASE BEING DISMANTLED SO THAT THE PETROL TANK—AN EXHIBIT—COULD BE CARRIED INTO COURT AT LEWES: Among those involved in the case at Lewes Assizes were Mrs. Noreen Harbord, Guy Basil Jason-Henry, a thirty-three-year-old Kensington car dealer, and John Stapleton Gordon, a thirty-two-year-old garage owner, of Overton Square, Kensington. Jason-Henry is alleged to have brought a racing car to Newhaven with 3,484 watches in a false petrol tank. At the Lewes hearing he denied knowledge of this, and declared that for some time the car in question was in the hands of John Stapleton Gordon. Jason-Henry was found not guilty of attempting to smuggle and of conspiracy. Mrs. Harbord was sentenced to a year's jail and ordered to pay £1,000. John Stapleton Gordon got two years.

SCAFFOLDING IS GOING UP FOR WAR DAMAGE REPAIRS AT LANCASTER HOUSE: This famous London mansion, where so many important conferences have taken place during the post-war years, was damaged in 1942 when a parachute bomb fell on the north-west corner of the building, completely destroying the kitchen quarters and shaking the rest of the house severely. The present repairs are likely to take about a year. Lancaster House, formerly the home of the Duchess of Sunderland, was given to the nation in 1912 by Lord Leverhulme in order to house the growing London Museum. It was requisitioned in 1943 by the Foreign Office.

OTFORD TAKES MATTERS IN HAND: Citizens of this Kentish village, conscious of the sorry state of their pond, which over the years has been fenced in, unfenced, drained and submitted to varying unsuccessful forms of beauty treatment, have now taken charge of the situation. They have banded together and, in every spare moment, hope to transform their pond in time for Festival Year. By the spring the pond should be surrounded by a handsome flower border. There will be no cost to local rate-payers, but there are backaches and blisters for the hard-working few who undertake the task

THE LIGHT BOMBER WHICH MAY PROVE TO BE A CONSIDERABLE DOLLAR-EARNER: This is the English Electric Company's Canberra B. Mark II now in production for the Royal Air Force. It is reported from the United States that the American Government is contemplating large purchases of the Canberra. This light bomber has two Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines. There is an Australian version of the Canberra which has two Rolls-Royce Tay gas turbines.

THE FUN OF OLYMPIA AT THE "NOT FORGOTTEN" ASSOCIATION'S CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE ROYAL RIDING SCHOOL, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Clowns from Bertram Mills' Circus helping to make the party go with a swing as they look after the men from Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, at the Association's annual party, organised by Miss Moira Parker. A message was received from the King and Queen wishing the many hundreds of ex-servicemen present a happy Christmas. The Duchess of Gloucester attended the party and cut the Christmas cakes presented by the Princess Royal, the patroness.

DRIVER OF THE YEAR: Earl Howe presenting the Richard Seaman Trophy to Stirling Moss, the twenty-one-year-old racing driver, at the Dorchester Hotel. The trophy goes to the British driver gaining the greatest number of marks on the Gold Star marking system in foreign races. Moss also received the Racing Drivers' Club Gold Star.

THE GAIETY GIRLS GET ON PARADE—SOME OLD-TIME FAVOURITES AT THE THIRTIETH ACTRESSES BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE DORCHESTER HOTEL: Mabel Love, Mabel Green, Mabel Russell, Lydia West, Ruby Miller and Marie Burke engaged in the Lambeth Walk. An audience of nearly 500 paid £1 1s. each for tickets to join the ex-Gaiety girls in this annual show in aid of the Actresses' League and the Women's Adjustment Board. Many old timers were present, including Julia Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry and mother of Phyllis Neilson-Terry), now eighty-three, who made her last stage appearance six years ago.

WINTER IS HERE (OFFICIALLY) IN THE BRITISH ARMY: Men of the Royal Horse Guards handing in their summer tunics and cuirasses at Hyde Park Barracks. They will now be kept in storage until next year. Tunics are neatly labelled, for each man has a perfect fit and the equipment he gets back will of course, be his own.

MATTERS MILITARY

The Royal Horse Guards Hand in Their Summer Tunics; Lord Alanbrooke at Salisbury Cathedral and Westminster Cathedral Ceremonies

DEDICATING STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS TO THE GLIDER PILOT REGIMENT: The dedication being performed by the Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Reverend W. L. Anderson, in the presence of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, the Colonel of the Glider Pilot Regiment. The nave of Salisbury Cathedral was thronged for the unveiling of the memorial to the fifty-one officers and men of the Glider Pilot Regiment. The regiment was formed at Tilshead, Wiltshire, on January 1, 1942, and Salisbury Plain and the surrounding district was its training ground. The memorial window of two lights has been erected at a cost of £1,500, subscribed by officers and men of the regiment, old comrades, and the next-of-kin of the fallen, and the sergeants' mess of the regiment has provided a Book of Remembrance. Also commemorated are sixty-seven officers and men of the R.A.F. who were killed fighting with the Glider Pilots, to which they had been seconded. The window was unveiled by Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke.

THE OLD COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE IRISH GUARDS ARE LAID UP IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: The ceremony in progress in the Cathedral where the colours will remain "in safe and reverent custody" until the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, is rebuilt. The Colours were brought from Chelsea Barracks, escorted by a major in charge with ninety-six rank and file and a Colour party. Behind the pipes and drums of the battalion marched a gathering of Old Comrades. Among those who attended were Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, and Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, commanding the Brigade of Guards. The old Colours were presented to the battalion by King George V in the gardens of Buckingham Palace on May 28, 1927. They were consecrated by Bishop Keatinge, R.C. Bishop-in-Ordinary to the Army. During the war they were kept in the vaults of a bank and were returned to the battalion in 1946. They were trooped on Horse Guards Parade in 1936 and in Cairo in 1937 and 1938.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN PROGRESS

The Flagpole Presented by the British Columbian Government Arrives on the South London Site. Fitting-out Operations in the Royal Festival Hall.

THIS WAS A PROBLEM THAT SCOTLAND YARD HAD TO SOLVE: Conveying the Festival of Britain flagstaff, which is to be erected in front of the Royal Festival Hall, from Hay's Wharf, Erith, to the South London Exhibition site, was no easy matter for the police. The 108-ft. pole, the tallest unsupported flagstaff in the country, was brought to Waterloo along a specially planned route involving no sharp bends. The flagpole is a gift to the London County Council from the Government of British Columbia. J. W. Gray and Company of Holborn had the task of shaping the staff, carrying out the work in a yard at Hay's Wharf, Erith. After shaping, the staff became 2 ft. 3 ins. in diameter at the base, tapering to 10 ins. at the summit. Four tons of shavings were planed off in this process. The original weight of the flagstaff of 10 tons was thus reduced to 6 tons.

HALL OF MANY WINDOWS: A craftsman at work on the Royal Festival Hall, which is to be opened in May, when the King and Queen will be present at a short dedicatory service to be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the first public concert held in the Royal Festival Hall, Signor Toscanini will conduct the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

THE HALF-COMPLETED ENTRANCE HALL LEADING FROM WATERLOO STATION TO THE SOUTH LONDON EXHIBITION SITE: The escalator from the underground railway will also emerge at this point. Pedestrians will converge on the exhibition from four directions: from Waterloo Station, from Waterloo Bridge, from Westminster Bridge, and across the river from Charing Cross direct to the exhibition site by way of the Bailey Bridge built by the Royal Engineers during last summer.

FITTING OUT THE BOXES FOR THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: In addition to these tiers of boxes, there is also a Royal Box and suite, the King having accepted the County Council's offer to place this at his disposal.

FELIKS TOPOLSKI AT WORK ON HIS MURAL BENEATH HUNGERFORD BRIDGE: The huge wooden panels, measuring 60 ft. by 20 ft., will be a Cavalcade of Commonwealth, portraying scenes and people. Mr. Topolski is using for the work sketches he made during his world tour.

CRAWLEY'S INDUSTRIAL AREA

FURTHER PROGRESS ON THE SUSSEX SATELLITE TOWN

SCENES IN THE INDUSTRIAL AREA OF THE NEW SATELLITE TOWN OF CRAWLEY, SUSSEX: *On left*—A view of the industrial area showing roads laid and factories in the background already in production. *On right*—One of the completed factories in the area, which will go into production at the beginning of the new year.

SOME OF THE OCCUPIED HOUSES IN THE SATELLITE TOWN: These completed houses are at West Green, one of the nine residential units of the new town. The houses are occupied by families from the London area who have moved out with their industry. The West Green "neighbourhood unit" was the first to receive residents.

THE INDUSTRIAL AREA OF NEW CRAWLEY TAKES SHAPE—A VIEW FROM THE LONDON-BRIGHTON ROAD: This view shows some of the finished roads, and, on left, the factory which is soon to begin production. Hundreds will be employed in the area. The shopping area will lie in the opposite direction, that is, to the south.

The new satellite town of Crawley, Sussex, one of the several satellite towns which are to ring the outer suburban areas of London, has now reached a further stage in its construction programme. It was announced at the annual meeting of the Crawley Development Corporation that the Corporation had granted leases for land at Crawley New Town to five industrialists who would erect their own factories, and to thirteen industrialists who would lease standard factories built by the Corporation. The total number of employees who would find work in the first phase of these schemes was 1,565. The industries were mainly divided between light engineering, woodworking and food products. The Corporation has this year completed upwards of 20,000 sq. ft. of factory space, all of which has been occupied, and four firms are now in production. The total value of contracts for houses and flats in the West Green neighbourhood is £732,000, and in the Northgate neighbourhood £317,000. By the end of the year the development corporation will have completed the erection of 165 houses and, by March next year, about 300. It is hoped that during 1951 the Corporation will build between 650 and 700 houses. The houses already erected at the new town are being taken up by precisely those people for whom they were intended—the workers in the factories coming to Crawley and, to a smaller extent, building-trade workers who form part of the construction force. Several of the pictures on this page were taken from almost identical spots to those which appeared in THE SPHERE of January 14, 1950, shortly after the West Green residential "neighbourhood unit" had received its first residents. New Crawley, it is explained, is to be a self-sufficient town of its own.

***On right*—MORE HOUSES GO UP ON THE NEW WEST GREEN "NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT": Yet another row of semi-detached houses nears completion in this residential area.**

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ESSAYS IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Sir Charles Petrie, Sir Paul Dukes, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt All Make Personal Contributions

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY," writes Sir Charles Petrie, "has been well defined as due to the fear of biography"; a witty line which sets the tone for his book, CHAPTERS OF LIFE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), which is, in effect, less autobiographical than a series of reflections on life, literature, politics and diplomacy. I read it with the greatest enjoyment, not only for its humour and its mellow wisdom, but also for the delightful contrast of suave style with surprising disclosure. "The besetting sin of Stanley Baldwin was laziness," writes the author. ". . . He was not a clear thinker and when he died his papers were in the same confused condition as his mind. It is even said that at the bottom of an old box containing form-lists . . . relating to Harrow, there was found a State paper of the utmost importance, written by the then Mrs. Simpson, relating to the abdication of King Edward VIII."

Sir Paul Dukes is known as a practitioner of Yoga principles and exercises, and his autobiographical sketches, THE UNENDING QUEST (Cassell. 16s.), include his introduction to these, as well as photographs taken during a television demonstration which show him, as it were, in action. Yoga, though, has been only one of Sir Paul's interests, which have included the study of music at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, a period as a Secret Service agent, a year spent, and actively spent, as a member of a travelling troupe of acrobats, and a night alone inside one of the pyramids.

The busiest woman in the world, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, has written a further volume of autobiography in THIS I REMEMBER (Hutchinson. 21s.), a fascinating book with much of the quality of a gossip with an old friend. As wife of the President and First Lady of the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt had innumerable official duties to perform, and would tackle her full programmes with dignity and competence as we know. What many of us did not know was the number of extra activities which she managed then and now to cram into her days. In her own country some of these activities, such as her work for underprivileged coloured people, have brought her much criticism and even abuse, of the kind that private people sometimes feel moved to heap on public people, but of these upsets and embarrassments there is little echo in this amazingly readable, friendly and unaffected book.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls his book, RUDE ASSIGNMENT (Hutchinson. 21s.), a narrative of his career up to date, and I could wish it were just that. In fact, it is a collection of his very personal opinions, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes turgidly expressed, on such matters as have interested him from time to time. Thus, one reads about the Socialist doctrine, an atomic war, Machiavelli, Nineteenth-Century Altruism, as he puts it, and the World State, when one would far rather be reading more about the beginnings of the *English Review*, about James Joyce, Ford Madox Ford and Ezra Pound, than the grudging little one is told.

THE NOVEL IN FRANCE (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), in spite of the austerity of its title, is a book of immense interest and charm, and by no means to be reserved for the specialised student. On the contrary, it is one of those fairly rare books which genuinely increase one's delight in reading, or re-reading, the classics they discuss. Mr. Martin Turnell reviews the greatest of the French novels from the *Princesse de Cleves* to Proust's work, and tells us that among the seven novelists he has chosen for study, his own preference is for Stendhal, with Proust in second place. What is stimulating in his book is the lack of dogmatism, and the scope that the reader is given for making his own choice and his own decisions.

There is no writer to-day whose work, or whose position in the literary scene, is quite comparable with Ouida's, and perhaps, having read Miss Eileen Bigland's biography of that passionate Victorian, this is just as well. OUIDA (Jarrolds. 16s.) is an admirable study, since it obeys that first requisite of the biography of giving one an almost personal interest in the subject. I have little desire to read any of Ouida's work; the idea of an interview with her would have daunted me; but I find myself lapping up every detail of her extraordinary career. Ouida was self-made to a fabulous degree, for not only did she write herself into fame and fortune from obscure beginnings, but she created a personage for herself too, that was more exotic than Cigarette or Beauty of the Guards.

A LITERARY LAUNCHING IN ALBEMARLE STREET: The Hon. George Kinnaird, who has edited Baroness de Stoekl's memoirs entitled *Not All Vanity*, the Baroness de Stoekl and Sir John Murray at 50, Albemarle Street, where a party was held to launch the new book, in which the Baroness tells the story of her life in Russia. They are standing in front of the fireplace where Lord Byron burnt his memoirs.

THE LAST OF THE ACTOR-MANAGERS (Methuen. 18s.) is one of Mr. Hesketh Pearson's scrupulous and yet somehow affectionate reconstructions of a vanished age, and it is admirably illustrated with photographs from the Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson Theatre collection. Whether one can remember the stage triumphs of Tree, George Alexander and Forbes-Robertson, or whether one's first theatrical experience was Oscar Asche in *Chu Chin Chow*, this is a book to enjoy.

To turn now to quite another type of book: Miss Elisabeth Inglis-Jones has written the story of a house in PEACOCKS IN PARADISE (Faber and Faber. 18s.), a house that was built in the remote Welsh mountains of Cardiganshire in the eighteenth century, and was designed as an Elysium by its owners, the rich Johnes family. In their time the place was almost impossibly remote, and the mountains round it wild and bare, but they planted trees by the thousand, made gardens, stocked rivers, and built a house of Gothic fantasy that became famous through Wales and England. An amazing story, with the merit of being both true and well documented.

CONSORT OF TASTE, 1830-1870 (Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.) describes the elegance and invention of a later age, but Mr. John Steegman, in his survey of the years before and after the Great Exhibition of 1851, shows that something of the same experimental spirit in art and architecture survived, under the ægis of Queen Victoria's husband. THE GOTHIC WORLD (Batsford. 30s.) is an imposing work by Mr. John Harvey, a considerable authority on English Perpendicular architecture, and here engaged in a survey of immense proportions, principally of the architecture between the years 1100-1600.

The next two books do much to emphasise that variety is the spice of a reader's life. First, THE ANATOMY OF VILLAINY (Collins. 12s. 6d.), which is a very entertaining analysis by Mr. Nigel Balchin of the different aspects that villainy may take. Thus, we are offered Iscariot for the villain as traitor, Guy Fawkes as conspirator, Titus Oates as liar, Robespierre as revolutionary, and so on. As a book for those "whose interest in history exceeds their knowledge of it," this should have a deservedly wide circle of readers. THE POACHER'S HANDBOOK (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), by Mr. Ian Niall, has been written for the man with the hare-pocket and the boy with the snare, and not, by the widest stretch of imagination, for those who are sentimental about little bunnies, afraid of keepers or 100 per cent. law-abiding.

Of the novels, the most outstanding is THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Virgil Gheorghiu has written an extraordinary book which has already sold 350,000 copies in Europe, and which may well prove to be a landmark in the literature of our war-torn times. The background of the story is Germany and Rumania, and its theme, the fate of human life in mid-Europe. In its impact this is a harrowing book, nothing short of a cry of despair, and yet it is strangely compelling and, once started, must be read to its final pitiful word. THE CHAIN (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.) is a novel of Kansas, and as far removed in mood and setting as can well be. It is also not comparable in artistry. Mr. Paul Wellman writes about the arrival in a flourishing community of a new rector, and about his attempts to sweep as clean as any new broom. The town, which has grown from a small collection of houses on the prairie to a wealthy and progressive centre, shows a fairly smug front to its new pastor, and a growing resentment, for the most part, of his efforts. However, his virtue and determination triumph in a climax of which the old Lyceum might well be envious.

Olivia Robertson has illustrated her new novel, as is her custom, with her own amusing if rather shapeless drawings, and has added to the number of Irish tales she tells with so much charm and inconsequence. MIRANDA SPEAKS (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) has an attractive idea behind it, which is the search of a playwright for the ideal actress to play Miranda.

THE FLOATING DUTCHMAN (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is a very welcome new thriller by Mr. Nicolas Bentley, his second up to date and recommended by your reviewer. The background is London, the action is swift, and the villainy is authentic.

BALZAC IN THE CENTENARY YEAR

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF COUSIN PONS

In this, the Balzac centenary year, in which the world pays tribute to the novelist of *La Comédie Humaine*, it is good to find that some of the greatest novels are being reprinted. The latest of them is Norman Cameron's translation of COUSIN PONS, which now appears in the excellent Novel Library (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.). Cousin Pons is in many ways an epitome of the faults and virtues that go to make up the novels of "The Human Comedy," that astonishing series in which Balzac brought to life a whole society. This novel has its due share of political and social digressions. No one would call its construction faultless, but it is realistic in detail and intensely vivid, with drama succeeding drama in the closing stages as the dying Pons, that gifted collector of bric-à-brac, seeks to resist the vultures who assemble round his death-bed to rob him of his possessions and to prevent the devoted Schmucke from inheriting. Probably in no other Balzac novel is the author's dramatic sense so brilliantly sustained, and his array of malefactors is almost without end: the grasping janitress Madame Cibot; the murderous Remonencq, the Auvergnat; the oleaginous Fraisier, the disbarred lawyer hounded from Mantes; the acquisitive Madame de Marville; and the prowling Jew, Elie Magus, ever on the watch for art treasures, at his own price. Indeed, apart from the stage-hand Topinard and the good Schmucke, they are a pretty dreadful crowd, these Parisians of the Bourbon restoration who gather round the dying Pons and, with every show of impatience, do their best to hasten his end. Balzac may never have made a fortune out of his plan to melt the silver from old Roman slag-heaps (one of the more hare-brained efforts of his colourful career), but he certainly extracted unalloyed gold from the arrondissements of Paris which, in his dire poverty, he knew so well.

Few great literary figures have had a more sensational career than Alexander Pushkin, who lived his brief but passionate life between 1799 and 1837. Henry Troyat, a Russian-born Frenchman and well known for his biography of Dostoevsky, has taken full advantage of the rich material available in compiling PUSHKIN: HIS LIFE AND TIMES (Gollancz. 21s.), but he has had no light task, for there are many contradictions in that material and Pushkin's elusive character becomes no more easy to assess as time goes on. What does stand out is that in spite of changing fashions, of changing Governments, of a new social order, Pushkin's work remains a part of the Russian national heritage and, as M. Troyat says, "the poet represents for Russians the embodiment of their lasting and most personal memories."

In this, the Stevenson centenary year, it is altogether fitting that high tribute should be paid to the great novelist, but if reassessments are to be made the time is as good as any other. In THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) Malcolm Elwin has sought to destroy once and for all the "down-at-heel legend" fostered by the first custodians of Stevenson's reputation, the legend of the gallant, charming, irrepressible romantic who crossed half the world to win a wife from a broken marriage, a woman whose tender devotion and watchful nursing enabled his survival to produce the works that entertained the world. Mr. Elwin will have none of this. Here was no beaux chevalier of letters, he indicates, but one whose art as a novelist seriously suffered from the limitation on freedom of expression imposed by popular taste. His wife's restrictive influence, it is argued, rendered his marriage the controlling factor in his literary career. The view that Stevenson's marriage ruined his health and his art has been advanced before now, and each time the criticism has been countered with indignation. Mr. Elwin, drawing on new material, marshals his facts with patient skill, however, and, if here and there one may feel that Fanny Stevenson is unfairly pilloried, the fact emerges, none the less, that W. E. Henley was probably right when he raised his solitary voice in protest against the sugary assessments made at the time of R.L.S.'s death.

Also in this centenary year comes a new edition of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: COLLECTED POEMS (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.), with an introduction and notes by Janet Adam Smith, a Stevensonian scholar of distinction. Miss Smith has selected judiciously, in fact rigorously, seeking, as she says, to sharpen our picture of Stevenson the poet. Some well-known early work is rejected, and because of this the overall picture benefits beyond doubt.

A new addition to the Hundred Years Series, now appearing at mid-century, is Sherard Vines's HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Duckworth. 21s.). From Matthew Arnold to W. H. Auden, and from Ouida to Edith Sitwell, is a far cry. Mr. Vines covers the intervening ground with a skill that could only have been born of years of intensive reading.

Two reprints of interest are SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: HIS LIFE, LETTERS AND DIARIES (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), a new and revised edition, and Frederick Rolfe's HADRIAN THE SEVENTH (New Phœnix Library. 7s. 6d.). *Hadrian the Seventh* is perhaps the best known of Baron Corvo's books, and his story of the outcast who is raised from a London slum to ecclesiastical honours has more than a hint of autobiography.

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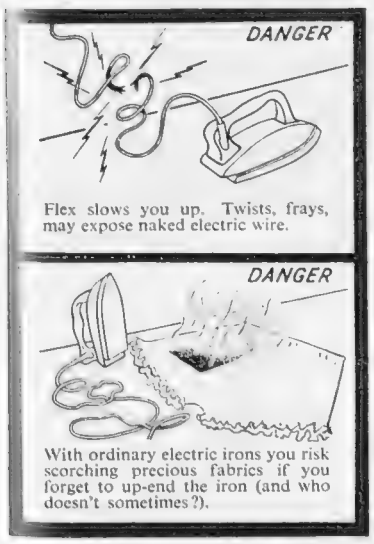

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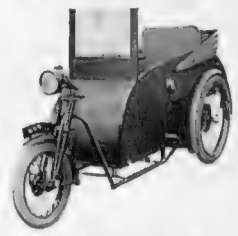

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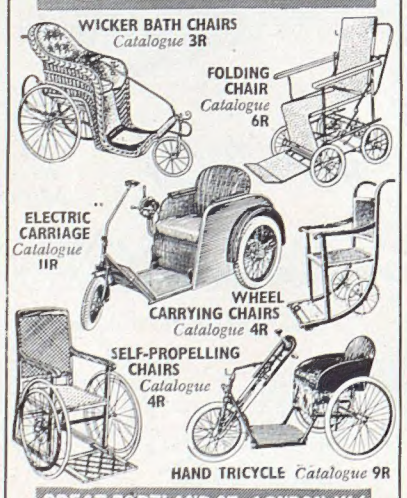

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